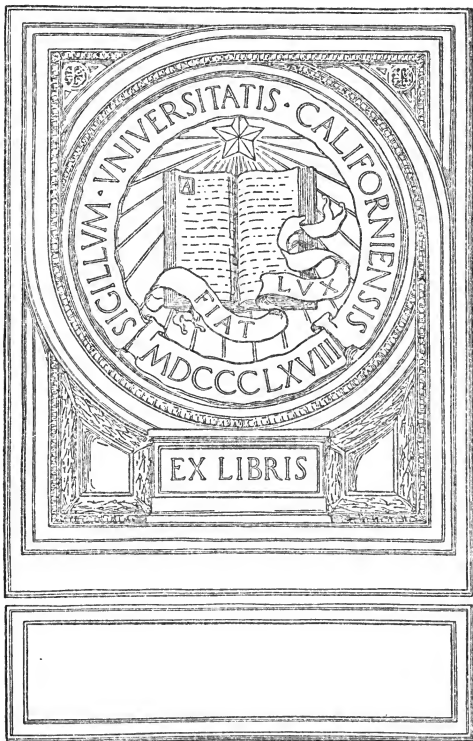


UC-NRLF



6B 613 186



SIGILLUM UNIVERSITATIS CALIFORNIENSIS

EUREKA

MDCCCLXVIII

EX LIBRIS





for Miss Prescott,

with my love.

E. A.

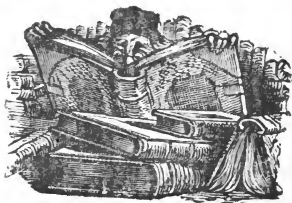


# GOETHE'S FAUST

TRANSLATED BY

ANNA SWANWICK

TRANSLATOR OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC.



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES  
SUCCESSOR TO WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1887

12345  
6789  
1011121314151617181920

867 f  
Esw

IN MEMORIAM  
C. w. Wells



867f  
E SW

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

---

No one can be more fully sensible of the shortcomings of a translation than the translator; nevertheless I cannot subscribe to the opinion which has recently found several powerful advocates, namely, "that verse translations of good poetry are a mistake," and consequently that prose is the most appropriate medium for its reproduction.

Mr. Hayward informs us, in his recent volume on Goethe,\* that "there are now more than forty English translations of 'Faust' in verse, many by persons of taste, cultivation, and accomplishment; but the highest praise that can be justly claimed for the best is, that they approximate to the original in parts. The cause of such a succession of failures may be found in the nature of the task." Mr. Lewes, with reference to the inadequacy of metrical translation, says, "A translation may be good as a translation, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction of the original. It may be a good poem, it may be a good imitation of another poem, it may be better than the original, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction, it cannot be the same thing in another language, producing the same effect on the mind. And the cause lies deep in the nature of poetry."

This is perfectly true, and were the original accessible to all, translation would, of course, be superfluous. The choice lies, however, not

\* Foreign Classics for English Readers.

865430

between the original and a translation, but between prose and verse, as the most suitable medium for the reproduction of poetry. Those who inveigh against poetical translation speak of "the sacred and mysterious union of thought and verse, twin-born and immortally wedded from the moment of their birth." The natural relation thus recognized as existing between thought and verse in original composition, does not, it appears to me, cease when the poetic thought, instead of springing from the depths of the creative spirit, is derived from a foreign source; and as the seed, if it take root, and spring forth anew, must produce a flower, "like to the mother plant in semblance," so the poetic thought can only find adequate expression in tones which harmonize with the music of the original verse.

A poet, in describing the pleasure attending the exercise of the creative faculty, exclaims, "Oh! to create within the soul is bliss!" A faint echo of this emotion accompanies the endeavor to body forth the conceptions of the inspired master, and under such circumstances the metrical form suggests itself spontaneously, as in original composition.

That the task of poetical translation is not entirely futile is proved by many noteworthy examples; Mr. Lewes himself, in speaking of the translation of Shakespeare by Tieck and A. W. Schlegel, after alluding to its shortcomings, adds: "It is nevertheless a translation which, on the whole, has perhaps no rival in literature, and has served to make Shakespeare as familiar to the Germans as to us." Can we imagine that the same effect would have been produced by the most perfect translation in prose?

At the present time when, in consequence of the growing interest in scientific pursuits, and from other causes, less time than heretofore is devoted to the study of the ancient classics, and when, from the wide diffusion of education, a taste for literature is awakened in many individuals, to whom all languages, except their own, are a sealed book, the question as to the true ideal to be aimed at in translation becomes a very important one.

That we already possess some poetical translations which rank as master-works is universally recognized, and I cannot but think that, instead of inveighing against metrical translation as a mistake, it would be advisable to encourage the hope that eventually every great work of genius, of every age and every clime, may be made accessible to the English reader in a translation which shall approximate to the original, as nearly as possible, in form as well as in spirit.

My introduction is based upon Kuno Fischer's interesting work, entitled "Goethe's Faust, Ueber die Entstehung und Composition des Gedichts," to which I must refer for a fuller exposition of the topics therein discussed. The sketch of the poet's life which I have introduced, as illustrating his great master-work, is compiled from the "Autobiography" (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Bohn's edition; Lewes's "Life of Goethe," "Goethe, Vorlesungen von Herman Grimm," and "Goethe," by Mr. Hayward.



DEDICATION  
AND  
PROLOGUES.



## DEDICATION.

DIM forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train,  
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.  
Say, shall I strive to hold you once again?  
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?  
Ye press around! Come then, resume your  
reign,  
As upward from the vapory mist ye roll;  
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulses  
bound,  
Fann'd by the magic air that breathes your  
march around.

Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,  
And visions fair of many a blissful day;  
First-love and friendship their fond accents  
blending,  
Like to some ancient, half-expiring lay;  
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending  
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,  
The dear ones naming who, in life's fair morn,  
By Fate beguiled, from my embrace were torn.

They hearken not unto my later song,  
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang;  
Dispersed forever is the friendly throng,  
Mute are the voices that responsive rang.  
My song resoundeth stranger crowds among,  
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang;  
And those who heard me once with joyful heart,  
If yet they live, now wander far apart.

A strange unwonted yearning doth my soul,  
To yon calm solemn spirit-land, upraise ;  
In faltering cadence now my numbers roll,  
As when, on harp Æolian, Zephyr plays ;  
My pulses thrill, tears flow without control,  
A tender mood my steadfast heart o'ersways ;  
What I possess as from afar I see ;  
Those I have lost become realities to me.



## PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

YE twain, whom I so oft have found  
True friends in trouble and distress,  
Say, in our scheme on German ground,  
What prospect have we of success ?  
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks ;  
Because they live and let live, as is meet.  
The posts are now erected and the planks,  
And all look forward to a festal treat,  
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows rais'd,  
Sit patiently, and fain would be amaz'd.  
I know the art to hit the public taste,  
Yet so perplex'd I ne'er have been before ;  
'Tis true, they're not accusom'd to the best,  
But then they read immensely, that's the bore.  
How make our entertainment striking, new,  
And yet significant and pleasing too ?  
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,  
As to our booth the living tide progresses ;  
As wave on wave successive rolls along,  
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful  
presses ;  
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,  
With blows their way toward the box they take ;  
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door,  
For tickets are content their necks to break.

Such various minds the bard alone can sway,  
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day !

## POET.

Oh speak not of the motley multitude,  
At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight ;  
Shut out the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude  
Still draws us downward with resistless might,  
Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,  
Where only for the bard blooms pure delight,  
Where love and friendship, gracious heavenly  
pair,  
Our hearts true bliss create, and tend with fos-  
tering care.

What there upwelleth deep within the breast,  
What there the timid lip shap'd forth in sound,  
A failure now, now haply well expressed,  
In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd ;  
Oft doth the perfect form then first invest  
The poet's thought, when years have sped their  
round ;  
What dazzles satisfies the present hour,  
The genuine lives, of coming years the dower.

## MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate ;  
About posterity were I to prate,  
Who then the living would amuse ? For they  
Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.  
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,  
Methinks, should always go for something too ;  
Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,  
Is not embittered by its changeful mood ;  
A wider circle he desires,  
To move with greater power, the multitude.

To work, then ! Prove a master in your art !  
 Let phantasy with all her choral train,  
 Sense, reason, feeling, passion, bear their part,  
 But mark ! let folly also mingle in the strain !

## MANAGER.

And, chief, let incidents enough arise !  
 A show they want, they come to feast their eyes.  
 When stirring scenes before them are display'd,  
 At which the gaping crowd may wondering gaze,  
 Your reputation is already made,  
 The man you are all love to praise.  
 The masses you alone through masses can sub-  
     due,  
 Each then selects in time what suits his bent.  
 Bring much, you somewhat bring to not a few,  
 And from the house goes every one content.  
 You give a piece, in pieces give it, friend !  
 Such a ragout, success must needs attend ;  
 'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.  
 A finish'd whole what boots it to present !  
 'Twill be in pieces by the public rent.

## POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot  
     feel !  
 How it revolts the genuine artist's mind !  
 The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal,  
 Is here approved on principle, I find.

## MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit !  
 Who on efficient work is bent,  
 Must choose the fittest instrument.  
 Consider ! 'tis soft wood you have to split ;  
 Think too for whom you write, I pray !

One comes to while an hour away ;  
 One from the festive board, a sated guest ;  
 Others, more dreaded than the rest,  
 From journal-reading hurry to the play.  
 As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they  
     press,  
 Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging ;  
 Ladies display their persons and their dress,  
 Actors unpaid their service bringing.  
 What dreams beguile you on your poet's height ?  
 What puts a full house in a merry mood ?  
 More closely view your patrons of the night !  
 The half are cold, the other half are rude.  
 One, the play over, craves a game of cards ;  
 Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.  
 Poor fool, the muses' fair regards  
 Why court for such a paltry end ?  
 I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I  
     ask,  
 Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal ;  
 Your audience seek to mystify, cajole ;—  
 To satisfy them—that's a harder task.  
 What ails thee ? art enraptured or distressed ?

## POET.

Depart ! elsewhere another servant choose ;  
 What ! shall the bard his godlike power abuse ?  
 Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,  
 For your mean purpose basely sport away ?  
 Whence come his mastery o'er the human breast,  
 Whence o'er the elements his sway,  
 But from the harmony that, gushing from his  
     soul,  
 Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole ?  
 When round his spindle, with unceasing drone,  
 Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life ;

When Being's jarring crowds, together thrown,  
 Mingle in harsh inextricable strife ;  
 Who deals their course unvaried till it falls,  
 In rhythmic flow to music's measur'd tone ?  
 Each solitary note whose genius calls,  
 To swell the mighty choir in unison ?  
 Who in the raging storm sees passion lour,  
 Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow,  
 Who, in the springtide, every fairest flower  
 Along the loved one's path would strow ?  
 From green and common leaves whose hand doth  
     twine,  
 The wreath of glory, won in every field ?  
 Makes sure Olympus, blends the powers divine ?—  
 Man's mighty spirit, in the bard reveal'd !

## MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,  
 And carry on the poet's avocation,  
 Just as we carry on a love affair.  
 Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger  
     there,  
 Insensibly are link'd, they scarce know how ;  
 Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,  
 Then come alternate rapture and despair ;  
 And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware.  
 Just such a drama let us now compose  
 Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose !  
 Each lives it, not to many is it known ;  
 'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown ;  
 Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning ;  
 A ray of truth through error gleaming,  
 Thus you the best elixir brew,  
 To charm mankind, and edify them too.  
 Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your  
     play,

And wait as on an oracle ; while they,  
 The tender souls, who love the melting mood,  
 Suck from your work their melancholy food ;  
 Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,  
 Each sees the working of his heart laid bare ;  
 Their tears, their laughter, you command with  
 ease.

The lofty still they honor, the illusive love,  
 Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please ;  
 A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

## POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,  
 When my own spirit too was growing,  
 When from my hearth th' unbidden rhyme  
 Gush'd forth, a fount forever flowing ;  
 Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd,  
 And every bud sweet promise made,  
 Of wonders yet to be reveal'd,  
 As through the vales, with blooms inlaid,  
 Culling a thousand flowers I stray'd.  
 Naught had I, yet a rich profusion ;  
 The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.  
 Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove ;—  
 Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,  
 The power of hate, the energy of love,  
 Give me, oh give me back my youth again !

## MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require  
 When foes in battle round you press,  
 When a fair maid, her heart on fire,  
 Hangs on your neck with fond caress,  
 When from afar, the victor's crown,  
 Allures you in the race to run ;  
 Or when in revelry you drown

Your sense, the whirling dance being done,  
 But the familiar chords among  
 Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,  
 While to its goal, the verse along  
 Its winding path is sweetly running ;  
 This task is yours, old gentlemen, to-day ;  
 Nor are you therefore in less reverence held ;  
 Age does not make us childish, as folk say,  
 It finds us genuine children e'en in eld.

## MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound,  
 Let deeds at length appear, my friends !  
 While idle compliments you round,  
 You might achieve some useful ends,  
 Why talk of the poetic vein ?  
 Who hesitates will never know it ;  
 If bards ye are, as ye maintain,  
 Now let your inspiration show it,  
 To you is known what we require,  
 Strong drink to sip is our desire ;  
 Come, brew me such without delay !  
 To morrow sees undone, what happens not to-  
 day ;  
 Still forward press, nor ever tire !  
 The possible, with steadfast trust,  
 Resolve should by the forelock grasp ;  
 Then she will ne'er let go her clasp,  
 And labors on, because she must.

On German boards, you're well aware,  
 The taste of each may have full sway ;  
 Therefore in bringing out your play,  
 Nor scenes nor mechanism spare !  
 Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least,  
 Be lavish of the stellar lights.

Water, and fire, and rocky heights,  
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.  
Thus let creation's ample sphere  
Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,  
And with considerate speed, through fancy's  
spell,  
Journey from heaven, thence through the world,  
to hell !



## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterward* MEPHISTOPHELES. *The three Archangels come forward.*

RAPHAEL.

STILL quiring as in ancient time  
With brother spheres in rival song,  
The sun with thunder-march sublime  
Moves his predestin'd course along.  
Angels are strengthen'd by his sight,  
Though fathom him no angel may ;  
Resplendent are the orbs of light,  
As on creation's primal day.

GABRIEL.

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere,  
Swifter than thought its rapid flight ;  
Alternates Eden-brightness clear,  
With solemn, dread-inspiring night ;  
The foaming waves, with murmurs hoarse,  
Against the rocks' deep base are hurl'd ;  
And in the sphere's eternal course  
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirl'd.

MICHAEL.

And rival tempests rush amain  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
And raging form a wondrous chain  
Of deep mysterious agency ;  
Full in the thunder's fierce career,  
Flaming the swift destructions play ;

But, Lord, thy messengers revere  
The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Angels are strengthened by thy sight,  
Though fathom thee no angel may ;  
Thy works still shine with splendor bright  
As on creation's primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,  
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,  
Since then hast kindly welcom'd me of yore,  
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.  
Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,  
Though all the circle look on me with scorn ;  
My pathos soon thy laughter would awake,  
Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn,  
Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,  
I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.  
The little world-gold still the self-same stamp  
retains,  
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day.  
Better he might have fared, poor wight,  
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly  
light ;  
Reason he names it, and doth so  
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.  
With deference to your grace, he seems to me  
Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,  
Which ever flies, and flying springs,  
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.  
Would he but always in the grass repose !  
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose.

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say ! Is blame

In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?  
Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there in miserable plight.  
Men's wretchedness in sooth I so deplore,  
Not even I would plague the sorry creatures  
more.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee in strange fashion, as I think.  
Poor fool! Not earthly is his food or drink,  
An inward impulse hurries him afar,  
Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;  
From heaven claimeth he its brightest star,  
And from the earth craves every highest good,  
And all that's near, and all that's far,  
Fails to allay the tumult in his blood.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,  
I will ere long conduct him to the light.  
The gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,  
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming  
years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose,

If leave to me thou wilt but give,  
Gently to lead him as I choose !

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,  
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.  
Man still must err, while he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you ; for not willingly  
I traffic with the dead, and still aver  
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much  
prefer.

I'm not at home to corpses ; 'tis my way,  
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play.

THE LORD.

Enough ! 'tis granted thee ! Divert  
This mortal spirit from his primal source ;  
Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert  
And lead him on thy downward course,  
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must  
own,

A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,  
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed !—the wager will be quickly won.  
For my success no fears I entertain ;  
And if my end I finally should gain,  
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.  
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,  
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control ;

I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.  
Of all the spirits who deny,  
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.  
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,  
In unconditioned rest he fain would live ;  
Hence this companion purposely I give,  
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.  
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice !  
In the full living beauty still rejoice !  
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,  
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught,  
And seeming's changeful forms, around you  
    flowing,  
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought !  
    (*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,  
And not to break with him am always civil ;  
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he,  
To speak so kindly even to the devil.



**THE TRAGEDY**  
**OF**  
**FAUST.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

### *Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.*

THE MANAGER.  
THE DRAMATIC POET.  
MERRYMAN.

### *Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.*

THE LORD.  
RAPHAEL, }  
GABRIEL, } The Heavenly Host.  
MICHAEL, }  
MEPHISTOPHELES.

### *Characters in the Tragedy.*

FAUST.  
MEPHISTOPHELES.  
WAGNER, a Student.  
MARGARET.  
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbor.  
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.  
OLD PEASANT.  
A STUDENT.  
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.  
FROSC, }  
BRANDER, } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.  
SIEBEL, }  
ALTMAYER, }

Witches, old and young ; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch  
Pedler, Protophantasmist, Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits,  
Journeymen, Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fort-  
une-teller, Shepherd, Soldier, Students, etc.

### *In the Intermezzo.*

OBERON. | ARIEL.  
TITANIA. | PUCK, etc., etc.



*Night. A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.*

FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

I HAVE, alas ! Philosophy,  
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,  
And to my cost Theology,  
With ardent labor, studied through.  
And here I stand, with all my lore,  
Poor fool, no wiser than before.  
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,  
Already these ten years I lead,  
Up, down, across, and to and fro,  
My pupils by the nose,—and learn,  
That we in truth can nothing know !  
This in my heart like fire doth burn.  
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull  
tribe,  
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe ;  
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,  
Neither can devil nor hell now appall me—  
Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego !  
I may not pretend aught rightly to know,  
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find  
A means to improve or convert mankind.  
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,  
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure ;  
No dog in such fashion would longer live !  
Therefore myself to magic I give,  
In hope, through spirit-voice and might,  
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,  
That I no more, with aching brow,

Need speak of what I nothing know ;  
That I the force may recognize  
That binds creation's inmost energies ;  
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,  
And fling the trade in empty words away.

O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays  
Their last upon mine anguish gaze !  
Beside this desk, at dead of night,  
Oft have I watched to hail thy light :  
Then, pensive friend ! o'er book and scroll,  
With soothing power, thy radiance stole !  
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,  
Freely, some mountain height sublime,  
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,  
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,  
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew  
My spirit in thy healing dew !

Woe's me ! still prison'd in the gloom  
Of this abhorr'd and musty room,  
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass,  
But dimly through the painted glass !  
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,  
A prey to worms and mouldering rust,  
And to the high vault's topmost bound,  
With smoky paper compass'd round ;  
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,  
And many a useless instrument,  
With old ancestral lumber blent—  
This is thy world ! a world ! alas !  
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,  
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast ?  
Why the dull ache will not depart,  
By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd ?  
Instead of nature's living sphere,

Created for mankind of old,  
 Brute skeletons surround thee here,  
 And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land!  
 Is not this book of mystery  
 By Nostradamus' proper hand,  
 An all-sufficient guide? 'Thou'lt see  
 The courses of the stars unroll'd;  
 When nature doth her thoughts unfold  
 To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek  
 Communion high with her to hold,  
 As spirit doth with spirit speak!  
 Vain by dull poring to divine  
 The meaning of each hallow'd sign.  
 Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;  
 Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

*(He opens the book and perceives the sign of the  
 Macrocosmos.)*

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,  
 What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!  
 I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense,  
 Through every nerve and vein with ardor glow-  
 ing.

Was it a god who character'd this scroll,  
 Which doth the inward tumult still,  
 The troubled heart with rapture fill,  
 And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,  
 Unveils the working of the wondrous whole?  
 Am I a God! What light intense!  
 In these pure symbols do I see,  
 Nature exert her vital energy.  
 Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense:  
 "Unlock'd the spirit-world doth lie;  
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!"

Up scholar, lave, with courage high,  
 Thine earthly breast in the morning-red !"  
*(He contemplates the sign.)*

How all things live and work, and ever blending,  
 Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range !  
 How powers celestial, rising and descending,  
 Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange !  
 Their flight on rapture breathing pinions winging,  
 From heaven to earth their genial influence bring-  
 ing,  
 Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious  
 ringing.

A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !  
 Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?  
 Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon  
 Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered  
 heart  
 For solace yearns, ye still impart  
 Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—  
 where ?  
 Ye gush, and must I languish in despair ?  
*(He turns over the leaves of the book impa-  
 tiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-  
 spirit.)*

How all unlike the influence of this sign  
 Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,  
 E'en now my strength is rising higher,  
 E'en now I glow as with new wine ;  
 Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,  
 The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,  
 To mingle with the lightnings' glare,  
 And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me—  
 The moon conceals her light—  
 The lamp is quench'd—  
 Vapors are rising—Quiv'ring round my head  
 Flash the red beams—Down from the vaulted roof  
 A shuddering horror floats,  
 And seizes me !  
 I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou  
 Art hovering near !  
 Unveil thyself !  
 Ha ! How my heart is riven now !  
 Each sense, with eager palpitation,  
 Is strain'd to catch some new sensation !  
 I feel my my heart surrender'd unto thee !  
 Thou must ! Thou must ! Though life should  
 be the fee !

*(He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up; the spirit appears in the flame.)*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me ?

FAUST (*turning aside*).

Dreadful shape !

SPIRIT.

With might,

Thou hast compell'd me to appear,  
 Long hast been sucking at my sphere,  
 And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me ! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT.

To know me thou did'st breathe thy prayer,  
 My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow ;

Me doth thy strong entreaty bow—  
 Lo ! I am here !—What pitiful despair  
 Grasps thee, the demigod ! Where's now the  
 soul's deep cry ?  
 Where is the breast, which in its depths a world  
 conceiv'd,  
 And bore and cherish'd ; which, with ecstasy,  
 To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd ?  
 Where art thou, Faust ? whose voice I heard  
 resound,  
 Who toward me press'd with energy profound ?  
 Art thou he ? Thou,—whom thus my breath can  
 blight,  
 Whose inmost being with affright  
 Trembles, a crush'd and writhing worm !

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee ?  
 Faust, and thine equal, I am he !

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,  
 I float and I wave  
 With billowy motion !  
 Birth and the grave,  
 A limitless ocean,  
 A constant weaving  
 With change still rife,  
 A restless heaving,  
 A glowing life—  
 Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,  
 And weave the life garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end  
 O'ersweep the world ; how near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend,  
Not me ! (*Vanishes.*)

FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee ?

Whom then ?

I, God's own image !

And not rank with thee ! (*A knock.*)

Oh death ! I know it—'tis my famulus—  
My fairest fortune now escapes !  
That all these visionary shapes  
A soulless groveller should banish thus !

(*WAGNER in his dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round reluctantly.*)

WAGNER.

Pardon ! I heard you here declaim ;  
A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read ?  
Improvement in this art is now my aim,  
For nowadays it much avails. Indeed  
An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,  
May give instruction even to a priest.

FAUST.

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too  
As not improbably may come to pass.

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,  
Man views the world, as through an optic glass,  
On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,  
How by persuasion can he govern men ?

## FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow  
 Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control  
 Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,  
 Idle your toil ; the chase you may forego !  
 Brood o'er your task ! Together glue,  
 Cook from another's feast your own ragout,  
 Still prosecute your paltry game,  
 And fan your ash-heaps into flame !  
 Thus children's wonder you'll excite,  
 And apes', if such your appetite :  
 But that which issues from the heart alone,  
 Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

## WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find  
 Success alone ; I still am far behind.

## FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue !  
 Be not a hollow tinkling fool !  
 Sound understanding, judgment true,  
 Find utterance without art or rule ;  
 And when with earnestness you speak,  
 Then is it needful cunning words to seek ?  
 Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their kind,  
 Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,  
 Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,  
 Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn  
 mist !

## WAGNER.

O Heavens ! art is long and life is short !  
 Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal  
 The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this thought,  
 And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.



The very means how hardly are they won,  
 By which we to the fountains rise !  
 And, haply, ere one half the course is run,  
 Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll  
 Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed ?  
 Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,  
 Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon ! 'Tis delightful to transport  
 One's self into the spirit of the past,  
 To see in times before us how a wise man thought,  
 And what a glorious height we have achieved at  
 last.

FAUST.

Ay truly ! even to the loftiest star !  
 To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd  
 A book with seven seals, close-fasten'd, are ;  
 And what the spirit of the times men call,  
 Is merely their own spirit after all,  
 Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.  
 Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul !  
 At the first glance we fly it in dismay ;  
 A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole ;  
 At best a sort of mock-heroic play,  
 With saws pragmatistical, and maxims sage,  
 To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain !  
 Touching these things all men would something  
 know.

## FAUST.

Ay ! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain !  
 Who on the child its true name dares bestow ?  
 The few who somewhat of these things have  
     known,  
 Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,  
 Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,  
 Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.—  
 Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,  
 For this time we must say adieu.

## WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,  
 Thus to converse so learnedly with you.  
 But as to-morrow will be Easter-day,  
 Some further questions grant, I pray ;  
 With diligence to study still I fondly cling ;  
 Already I know much, but would know every-  
     thing. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,  
 Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd  
 Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,  
 And finding earth-worms, is with joy inspir'd !

And dare a voice of merely human birth,  
 E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude ?

Yet ah ! thou poorest of the sons of earth,  
 For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.  
 Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,  
 And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd ;  
 So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,  
 I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd !

I, God's own image, from this toil of clay  
 Already freed, with eager joy who hail'd  
 The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,  
 Mid light effulgent and celestial day :—  
 I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul  
 With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow  
 Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know  
 'The life of gods,—how am I punish'd now !  
 One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal !

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.  
 What though my power compell'd thee to  
     appear,  
 My art was powerless to detain thee here.  
 In that great moment, rapture-fraught,  
 I felt myself so small, so great ;  
 Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of  
     thought  
 Back on humanity's uncertain fate !  
 Who'll teach me now ? What ought I to forego ?  
 Ought I that impulse to obey ?  
 Alas ! our every deed, as well as every woe,  
 Impedes the tenor of life's onward way !

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,  
 Some feelings cling of baser quality ;  
 And when the goods of this world are achiev'd,  
 Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.  
 Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,  
 Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,  
 Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,  
 A narrow compass limits her desires,  
 When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time.  
 In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,  
 O'er secret woes she broodeth there,

Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy  
 and rest ;  
 Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,  
 She may as house and court, as wife and child  
 appear,  
 As dagger, poison, fire and flood ;  
 Imagined evils chill thy blood,  
 And what thou ne'er shall lose, o'er that dost  
 shed the tear.

I am not like the gods ! Feel it I must ;  
 I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust,  
 Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,  
 Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried  
 there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,  
 With hundred shelves, confines me round,  
 Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call  
 What in this moth-world doth my being bound ?  
 Here, what doth fail me, shall I find ?  
 Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,  
 Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,  
 With but one mortal happy, here and there ?  
 Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,  
 But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,  
 Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light  
 of day,  
 And in the twilight wander'd, sorely vexed ?  
 Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me,—  
 With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder  
 To nature's portals ye should be the key ;  
 Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to  
 stir.  
 Inscrutable in broadest light,  
 To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse,  
 What she reveals not to thy mental sight,

Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and  
with screws.

Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,  
Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone.  
Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear,  
So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath  
shone.

Better my little means have squandered quite away,  
Than burden'd by that little here to sweat and  
groan !

Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay,  
By use to render it thine own !  
What we employ not, but impedes our way,  
That which the hour creates, that can it use alone !

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze ?  
Is yonder flask there a magnet to my sight ?  
Whence this mild radiance that round me plays,  
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's  
soft light ?

Hail, precious phial ! Thee, with reverent awe,  
Down from thine old receptacle I draw !  
Science in thee I hail and human art.  
Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure,  
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,  
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart !  
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest ;  
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast ;  
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away ;  
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,  
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,  
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,  
Comes floating towards me ! I'm prepar'd to fly  
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,

To distant spheres of pure activity.  
 This life intense, this godlike ecstasy—  
 Worm that thou art, such rapture canst thou earn ?  
 Only resolve with courage stern and high,  
 Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn ;  
 Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals  
 Past which in terror others fain would steal !  
 Now is the time, through deeds, to show that  
     mortals  
 The calm sublimity of gods can feel ;  
 To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,  
 Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing  
     brood,  
 Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,  
 Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery  
     flood ;  
 With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,  
 Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless  
     sleep !

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,  
 From out thine antiquated case, where thou  
 Forgotten hast reposed for many a year !  
 Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,  
 To glad the earnest guests was thine,  
 As each to other passed the generous cheer.  
 The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,  
 Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme ex-  
     pound,  
 Then drain the goblet at one draught profound,  
 Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory  
     brought.  
 I to my neighbor shall not reach thee now,  
 Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.  
 Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay ;  
 Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill ;

Let this last draught, the product of my skill,  
My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,  
A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day!

*(He places the goblet to his mouth. The ringing of bells, and choral voices.)*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !  
Mortal, all hail to thee,  
Thou whom mortality,  
Earth's sad reality,  
Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,  
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?  
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,  
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?  
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,  
Which once around the darkness of the grave,  
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,  
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,  
With spices and myrrh,  
Embalmed the departed,  
And swathed him with care ;  
Here we conveyed Him,  
Our Master, so dear ;  
Alas! Where we laid Him,  
The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !  
Perfect through earthly rath,

Radiant with love and truth,  
 He to eternal youth  
 Soars from earth's prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,  
 Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?  
 Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,  
 The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak;  
 From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.  
 Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar,  
 Whence sound the tidings of great joy;  
 And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a  
     boy,  
 Back it recalleth me to life once more.  
 Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,  
 Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,  
 While, fraught with solemn meaning and mys-  
     terious power,  
 Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was  
     bliss;  
 A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,  
 Drove me to wander on through wood and field;  
 With heaving breast and many a burning tear,  
 I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.  
 Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with  
     joyous pealing,  
 This Easter hymn in days of old;  
 And fond remembrance now, doth me, with  
     childlike feeling,  
 Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold.  
 O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!  
 The tear-drop flows,—Earth, I am thine again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,



Living and glorious,  
 From the dark grave hath fled,  
 O'er death victorious ;  
 Almost creative bliss  
 Waits on his growing powers ;  
 Ah ! Him on earth we miss ;  
 Sorrow and grief are ours.  
 Yearning he left his own,  
 Mid sore annoy ;  
 Ah ! we must needs bemoan,  
 Master, thy joy!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,  
 Redeem'd from decay.  
 The bonds which imprison  
 Your souls, rend away !  
 Praising the Lord with zeal,  
 By deeds that love reveal,  
 Like brethren true and leal  
 Sharing the daily meal,  
 To all that sorrow feel  
 Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,  
 Still is the master near,  
 Still is he here !

---

*(Before the Gate. Promenaders of all sorts pass out.)*

ARTISANS.

Why choose ye that direction, pray ?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We toward the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to Wasserhof were best.

A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,  
The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,  
And brawls of a prime sort.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace ! How ;  
Your skin still itching for a row ?  
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no ! I to the town my steps retrace.

ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me !  
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but  
you,  
And with your pleasures what have I to do ?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said  
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

## STUDENT.

Why how those buxom girls step on !  
 Come, brother, we will follow them anon.  
 Strong beer, a damsel smartly dress'd,  
 Stinging tobacco,—these I love the best.

## BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there !  
 'Tis really shameful, I declare,  
 The very best society they shun,  
 After those servant-girls forsooth, to run.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast ! for in our rear,  
 Two girls, well-dress'd, are drawing near ;  
 Not far from us the one doth dwell,  
 And sooth to say, I like her well.  
 They walk demurely, yet you'll see,  
 That they will let us join them presently.

## THE FIRST.

Not I ! restraints of all kinds I detest.  
 Quick ! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies,  
 The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,  
 Will on the Sunday fondle you the best.

## BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not ; each  
 hour  
 He grows more arrogant, now that he's raised to  
 power ;  
 And for the town, what doth he do for it ?  
 Are not things worse from day to day ?  
 To more restraints we must submit ;  
 And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,  
 So rosy-cheek'd and trimly dress'd,  
 Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer,  
 Relieve and pity the distress'd.  
 Let me not vainly sing my lay !  
 His heart's most glad whose hand is free.  
 Now when all men keep holiday,  
 Should be a harvest-day to me.

## ANOTHER BURGHER.

I know naught better on a holiday,  
 Than chatting about war and war's alarms,  
 When folk in Turkey are all up in arms,  
 Fighting their deadly battles far away,  
 We at the window stand, our glasses drain,  
 And watch adown the stream the painted vessels  
     glide,  
 Then, blessing peace and peaceful times, again  
 Homeward we turn our steps at eventide.

## THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbor ! So let matters stand for me !  
 There they may scatter one another's brains,  
 And wild confusion round them see—  
 So here at home in quiet all remains !

OLD WOMAN (*to the BURGHER'S DAUGHTERS*).

Heyday ! How smart ! The fresh young blood !  
 Who would not fall in love with you ?  
 Not quite so proud ! 'Tis well and good !  
 And what you wish, that I could help you to.

## BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha ! I care not to be seen  
 Walking in public with these witches. True.

My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en,  
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.

ANOTHER.

And mine she show'd me also in the glass,  
A soldier's figure, with companions bold :  
I look around, I seek him as I pass,  
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold.

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets  
Rising in air,  
Damsel disdainful,  
Haughty and fair,  
These be my prey !  
Bold is the venture,  
Costly the pay !

Hark how the trumpet  
Thither doth call us,  
Where either pleasure  
Or death may befall us.  
Hail to the tumult !  
Life's in the field !  
Damsel and fortress  
To us must yield.  
Bold is the venture,  
Costly the pay !  
Gaily the soldier  
Marches away.

(FAUST *and* WAGNER.)

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills  
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quicken-  
ing glow ;

Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow ;  
Old Winter back to the savage hills  
Withdraweth his force, decrepid now.  
Thence only impotent icy grains  
Scatters he as he wings his flight,  
Striping with sleet the verdant plains ;  
But the sun endureth no trace of white ;  
Everywhere growth and movement are rife,  
All things investing with hues of life :  
Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,  
Their colors the motley throng supply.  
Turn thee around, and from this height,  
Back to the town direct thy sight.  
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate,  
Stream forth the masses, in bright array.  
Gladly seek they the sun to-day ;  
The Resurrection they celebrate :  
For they themselves have risen, with joy,  
From tenement sordid, from cheerless room,  
From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,  
From gable and roof's o'er-hanging gloom,  
From crowded alley and narrow street,  
And from the churches' awe-breathing night,  
All now have issued into the light.  
But look ! how spreadeth on nimble feet  
Through garden and field the joyous throng,  
How o'er the river's ample sheet,  
Many a gay wherry glides along ;  
And see, deep sinking in the tide,  
Pushes the last boat now away.  
E'en from yon far hill's path-worn side,  
Flash the bright hues of garments gay.  
Hark ! Sounds of village mirth arise ;  
This is the people's paradise.  
Both great and small send up a cheer ;  
Here am I man, I feel it here.

## WAGNER.

Sir Doctor, in a walk with you  
 There's honor and instruction too ;  
 Yet here alone I care not to resort,  
 Because I coarseness hate of every sort.  
 This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest ;  
 I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng ;  
 They roar as by the evil one possess'd,  
 And call it pleasure, call it song.

PEASANTS. (*Under the linden tree. Dance and song.*)

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd  
 With ribbon, wreath, and coloured vest,  
 A gallant show displaying.  
 And round about the linden-tree,  
 They footed it right merrily.  
     Juchhe ! Juchhe !  
     Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !  
 So fiddle-bow was braying.

Our swain amidst the circle press'd,  
 He pushed a maiden trimly dress'd,  
 And jogg'd her with his elbow ;  
 The buxom damsel turn'd her head,  
 " Now that's a stupid trick ! " she said,  
     Juchhe ! Juchhe !  
     Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !  
 Don't be so rude, good fellow !

Swift in the circle they advance,  
 They dance to right, to left they dance,  
 The skirts abroad are swinging.  
 And they grow red, and they grow warm,  
 Elbow on hip, they arm in arm,  
     Juchhe ! Juchhe !

Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !  
Rest, talking now or singing.

Don't make so free ! How many a maid  
Has been betroth'd and then betray'd ;  
And has repented after !  
Yet still he flatter'd her aside,  
And from the linden, far and wide,  
Juchhe ! Juchhe !  
Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !  
Sound fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you,  
To condescend to come this way,  
A highly learned man like you,  
To join our mirthful throng to-day.  
Our fairest cup I offer you,  
Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd,  
And pledging you, I pray aloud,  
That every drop within its round,  
While it your present thirst allays,  
May swell the number of your days.

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,  
Thanks and prosperity to each !  
(*The crowd gather round in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly ! 'tis well done, that you  
Our festive meeting thus attend ;  
You, who in evil days of yore,  
So often show'd yourself our friend !  
Full many a one stands living here,  
Who from the fever's deadly blast,  
Your father rescu'd, when his skill



The fatal sickness stay'd at last.  
 A young man then, each house you sought,  
 Where reign'd the mortal pestilence.  
 Corpse after corpse was carried forth,  
 But still unscath'd you issued thence.  
 Sore then your trials and severe ;  
 The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long  
 To help the poor his life prolong !

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,  
 Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.  
*(He proceeds with WAGNER.)*

WAGNER.

With what emotions must your heart o'erflow,  
 Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd !  
 Great man ! How happy, who like you doth know  
 Such use for gifts by heaven bestow'd !  
 You to the son the father shows ;  
 They press around, inquire, advance,  
 Hush'd is the fiddle, check'd the dance.  
 Still where you pass they stand in rows,  
 And each aloft his bonnet throws,  
 They fall upon their knees, almost  
 As when there passeth by the Host.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone !  
 Here rest we from our walk. In times long past,  
 Absorb'd in thought, here oft I sat alone,  
 And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast.  
 Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,  
 With sighs, and hands in anguish press'd,

The end of that sore plague, with many a tear,  
 From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest.  
 These praises have to me a scornful tone.  
 Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read,  
 How little either sire or son,  
 Of such renown deserve the meed !  
 My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,  
 O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,  
 With honest zeal, but methods of his own,  
 With toil fantastic loved to brood ;  
 His time in dark alchemic cell,  
 With brother adepts he would spend,  
 And there antagonists compel,  
 Through numberless receipts to blend.  
 A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,  
 In tepid bath was with the lily wed.  
 Thence both, while open flames around them  
     roll'd,  
 Were tortur'd to another bridal bed.  
 Was then the youthful queen descried  
 With many a hue, to crown the task ;—  
 This was our medicine ; the patients died,  
 " Who were restored ? " none cared to ask.  
 With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,  
 These hills and peaceful vales among,  
 We rag'd more fiercely than the pest ;  
 Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give ;  
 They pined away, I yet must live,  
 To hear the reckless murderers blest.

WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'er cast ?  
 Can man do more than with nice skill,  
 With firm and conscientious will,  
 Practise the art transmitted from the past ?  
 If duly you revere your sire in youth,

His lore you gladly will receive ;  
In manhood, if you spread the bounds of truth,  
Then may your son a higher goal achieve.

## FAUST.

O blest, whom still the hope inspires,  
To lift himself from error's turbid flood !  
What a man knows not, he to use requires,  
And what he knows, he cannot use for good.  
But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw  
O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene !  
In the rich sunset see how brightly glow  
Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant  
green !

Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more ;  
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.  
Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar,  
And after, ever after him to strive !  
Then should I see the world below,  
Bathed in the deathless evening beams,  
The vales reposing, every height a-glow,  
The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.  
The savage mountain, with its cavern'd side,  
Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,  
Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,  
To my rapt vision opes its ample tide !  
But now at length the god appears to sink ;  
A new-born impulse wings my flight,  
Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink,  
The day before me, and behind the night,  
The pathless waves beneath, and over me the  
skies.

Fair dream, it vanish'd with the parting day !  
Alas ! that when on spirit-wing we rise,  
No wing material lifts our mortal clay.  
But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong

Upwards and onwards still to urge our flight,  
 When far above us pours its thrilling song  
 The sky-lark, lost in azure light,  
 When on extended wing amain  
 O'er pine-crown'd height the eagle soars,  
 And over moor and lake, the crane  
 Still striveth toward its native shores.

## WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,  
 But impulse such as this I ne'er have known :  
 Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts en-  
     gage,  
 Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind ;  
 Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,  
 Bear us from book to book, from page to page .  
 Then winter nights grow cheerful ; keen delight  
 Warms every limb ; and ah ! when we unroll  
 Some old and precious parchment, at the sight  
 All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

## FAUST.

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd ,  
 Unconscious of the other still remain !  
 Two souls, alas ! are lodg'd within my breast  
 Which struggle there for undivided reign :  
 One to the world, with obstinate desire,  
 And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres ;  
 Above the mist, the other doth aspire,  
 With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.  
 Oh, are there spirits in the air,  
 Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion  
     wielding,  
 Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,  
 Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding !  
 A magic mantle did I but possess,

Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,  
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,  
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait !  
Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,  
From every quarter threaten man's estate,  
And danger in a thousand forms prepare !  
They drive impetuous from the frozen north,  
With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy  
tongues ;  
From the ungenial east they issue forth,  
And prey, with parching breath, upon your lungs ;  
If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,  
They from the south heap fire upon the brain,  
Refreshment from the west at first they bring,  
Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.  
In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear ;  
With guileful purpose our behests obey ;  
Like ministers of grace they oft appear,  
And lisp like angels, to betray.  
But let us hence ! Grey eve doth all things blend,  
The air grows chill, the mists descend !  
'Tis in the evening first our home we prize—  
Why stand you thus, and gaze with wondering  
eyes ?  
What in the gloom thus moves you ?

FAUST.

Yon black hound  
See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering  
round ?

WAGNER.

I've mark'd him long, naught strange in him I  
see !

FAUST.

Note him ! What takest thou the brute to be ?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves  
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral  
curves,  
He wheels, each circle closer than before ?  
And, if I err not, he appears to me  
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see ;  
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around,  
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

WAGNER.

Around us in doubt I see him shyly bound,  
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near !

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here ;  
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,  
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Come hither, Sirrah ! join our company !

WAGNER.

A very poodle, he appears to be !  
 Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait ;  
 Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee  
                   straight ;  
 Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,  
 And for your stick will into water spring.

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed ; no trades now I see  
 Whatever of a spirit's agency.  
 'Tis training—nothing more.

WAGNER.

                  A dog well taught  
 E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.  
 Ay, to your favor he's entitled too,  
 Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due !  
                   (*They enter the gate of the town.*)

---

 Study.
FAUST (*entering with the poodle*).

Behind me now lie field and plain,  
 As night her veil doth o'er them draw,  
 Our better soul resumes her reign  
 With feelings of foreboding awe.  
 Lull'd is each stormy deed to rest,  
 And tranquilliz'd each wild desire ;  
 Pure charity doth warm the breast,  
 And love to God the soul inspire.  
 Peace, poodle, peace ! Scamper not thus ; obey  
                   me !  
 Why at the threshold snuffest thou so ?  
 Behind the stove now quietly lay thee,  
 My softest cushion to thee I'll throw.

As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,  
 Running and frisking about on the hill,  
 Neither shelter will I refuse thee ;  
 A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still.

Ah ! when within our narrow room,  
 The friendly lamp again doth glow,  
 An inward light dispels the gloom  
 In hearts that strive themselves to know.  
 Reason begins again to speak,  
 Again the bloom of hope returns,  
 The streams of life we fain would seek,  
 Ah, for life's source our spirit yearns.

Cease, poodle, cease ! with the tone that arises,  
 Hallow'd and peaceful, my soul within,  
 Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.  
 We find it not strange, that man despises  
 What he conceives not ;  
 The good and the fair he misprizes ;  
 What lies beyond him he doth contemn ;  
 Snarleth the poodle at it, like men ?

But ah ! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for  
 rest,  
 Contentment welletth up no longer in my breast.  
 Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be  
 dry,  
 That we once more athirst should lie ?  
 This sad experience oft I've approv'd !  
 The want admitteth of compensation ;  
 We learn to prize what from sense is remov'd,  
 Our spirits yearn for revelation,  
 Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent,  
 More pure than in the New Testament.  
 To the ancient text an impulse strong  
 Moves me the volume to explore,



And to translate its sacred lore  
 Into the tones belovèd of the German tongue.

*(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.)*

'Tis writ, " In the beginning was the Word !"  
 I pause, perplex'd ! Who now will help afford ?  
 I cannot the mere Word so highly prize ;  
 I must translate it otherwise,  
 If by the spirit guided as I read.  
 " In the beginning was the Sense !" Take heed,  
 The import of this primal sentence weigh,  
 Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray !  
 Is force creative then of Sense the dower ?  
 " In the beginning was the Power !"  
 Thus should it stand : yet, while the line I trace,  
 A something warns me, once more to efface.  
 The spirit aids ! from anxious scruples freed,  
 I write, " In the beginning was the Deed !"

Am I with thee my room to share,  
 Poodle, thy barking now forbear,  
 Forbear thy howling !  
 Comrade so noisy, ever growling,  
 I cannot suffer here to dwell.  
 One or the other, mark me well,  
 Forthwith must leave the cell.  
 I'm loth the guest-right to withhold ;  
 The door's ajar, the passage clear ;  
 But what must now mine eyes behold !  
 Are nature's laws suspended here ?  
 Real is it, or a phantom show ?  
 In length and breadth how doth my poodle  
 grow !  
 He lifts himself with threat'ning mien,  
 In likeness of a dog no longer seen !  
 What spectre have I harbor'd thus !  
 Huge as a hippopotamus,

With fiery eye, terrific tooth !  
 Ah ! now I know thee, sure enough !  
 For such a base, half-hellish brood,  
 The key of Solomon is good.

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captur'd there within is one !  
 Stay without and follow none !  
 Like a fox in iron snare,  
 Hell's old lynx is quaking there,  
 But take heed !  
 Hover round, above, below,  
 To and fro,  
 Then from durance is he freed !  
 Can ye aid him, spirits all,  
 Leave him not in mortal thrall !  
 Many a time and oft hath he  
 Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront, at first,  
 The spell of Four must be rehears'd ;

Salamander shall kindle,  
 Writhe nymph of the wave,  
 In air sylph shall dwindle,  
 And Kobold shall slave.

Who doth ignore  
 The primal Four,  
 Nor knows aright  
 Their use and might,  
 O'er spirits will he  
 Ne'er master be !

Vanish in the fiery glow,  
 Salamander !

Rushingly together flow,  
 Undine !  
 Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,  
 Sylphide !  
 Hither bring thine homely aid,  
 Incubus ! Incubus !  
 Step forth ! I do adjure thee thus !

None of the Four  
 Lurks in the beast :  
 He grins at me, untroubled as before ;  
 I have not hurt him in the least.  
 A spell of fear  
 Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell,  
 Fugitive from Hell ?  
 See then this sign,  
 Before which incline  
 The murky troops of Hell !

With bristling hair now doth the creature swell.

Canst thou, reprobate,  
 Read the uncreate,  
 Unspeakable, diffused  
 Throughout the heavenly sphere,  
 Shamefully abused,  
 Transpierced with nail and spear !

Behind the stove, tam'd by my spells,  
 Like an elephant he swells ;  
 Wholly now he fills the room,  
 He into mist will melt away.  
 Ascend not to the ceiling ! Come,  
 Thyself at the master's feet now lay !  
 Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.  
 With holy fire I will scorch thee yet !

Wait not the might  
That lies in the triple-glowing light !  
Wait not the might  
Of all my arts in fullest measure !

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar.*)

Why all this uproar ? What's the master's  
pleasure ?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute !  
A travelling scholar ? Why, I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute !  
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one,  
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low ;  
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,  
To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed  
The inward essence from the name we read,  
As all too plainly it doth appear,  
When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.  
Who then art thou ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still  
Produceth good, while ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies !  
 And justly ; for whate'er to light is brought  
 Deserves again to be reduced to naught ;  
 Then better 'twere that naught should be.  
 Thus all the elements which ye  
 Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,  
 As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.  
 Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,  
 Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,  
 Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.  
 Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,  
 Contesting space and ancient rank with night.  
 Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will,  
 To forms material he adhereth still ;  
 From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,  
 And still the progress of his beams they check ;  
 And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,  
 Light will, erelong, the doom of matter share.

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess !  
 Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,  
 So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success  
 Opposed to nothingness, the world,  
 This clumsy mass, subsisteth still ;  
 Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,  
 Despite the efforts of my will.  
 Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've  
     tried ;  
 Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide !  
 And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed  
     brood—  
 Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.  
 What countless myriads have I swept away !  
 Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.  
 It is enough to drive me to despair !  
 As in the earth, in water, and in air,  
 In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,  
 Thousands of germs their energies unfold !  
 If fire I had not for myself retain'd,  
 No sphere whatever had for me remain'd.

## FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,  
 Still clench'd in malice impotent,  
 Dost the creative power resist,  
 The active, the beneficent !  
 Henceforth some other task essay,  
 Of Chaos thou the wondrous son !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,  
 And talk about it more anon !  
 For this time have I leave to go ?

## FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see.

Since one another now we know,  
At thy good pleasure, visit me.  
Here is the window, here the door,  
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er  
Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede ;  
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar ?  
To me, thou son of hell, explain,  
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar ?  
Could such a spirit aught ensnare ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care,  
One of the angles, that which points without,  
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd !  
So thou my captive art ? No doubt !  
By accident thou thus art caught !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught ;  
Things now assume another shape,  
The devil's in the house and can't escape.

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law.

Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're  
 free  
 The first to choose ; as to the second, slaves are  
 we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see !  
 I'm glad of that ! a pact may then be made,  
 The which, you gentlemen, will surely keep ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,  
 No tittle shall remain unpaid.  
 But such arrangements time require ;  
 We'll speak of them when next we meet ;  
 Most earnestly I now entreat,  
 This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,  
 Me with some happy word to pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go ! ere long I'll come again,  
 Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.  
 Thyself has freely entered in the snare :  
 Let him who holds the devil, hold him still !  
 A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command ;  
 Only on this condition, understand ;  
 That worthily thy leisure to beguile,  
 I here may exercise my arts a while.



FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend ;  
But be thine art a pleasant one !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,

This hour enjoyment more intense,  
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,  
Than thou couldst compass in the bound  
Of the whole year's unvarying round ;  
And what the dainty spirits sing,  
The lovely images they bring,  
Are no fantastic sorcery.  
Rich odors shall regale your smell,  
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,  
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.  
No preparation do we need,  
Here we together are. Proceed.

SPIRITS.

Hence overshadowing gloom  
Vanish from sight !  
O'er us thine azure dome,  
Bend, beauteous light !  
Dark clouds that o'er us spread,  
Melt in thin air !  
Stars, your soft radiance shed,  
Tender and fair.  
Girt with celestial might,  
Winging their airy flight,  
Spirits are thronging.  
Follows their forms of light  
Infinite longing !  
Flutter their vestures bright  
O'er field and grove !  
Where in their leafy bower

Lovers the livelong hour  
Vow deathless love.  
Soft bloometh bud and bower !  
Bloometh the grove !  
Grapes from the spreading vine  
Crown the full measure ;  
Fountains of foaming wine  
Gush from the pressure.  
Still where the currents wind,  
Gems brightly gleam.  
Leaving the hills behind  
On rolls the stream ;  
Now into ample seas,  
Spreadeth the flood ;  
Laving the sunny leas,  
Mantled with wood.  
Rapture the feather'd throng,  
Gayly careering,  
Sip as they float along ;  
Sunward they're steering ;  
On toward the isles of light  
Winging their way,  
That on the waters bright  
Dancingly play.  
Hark to the choral strain,  
Joyfully ringing !  
While on the grassy plain  
Dancers are springing ;  
Climbing the steep hill's side,  
Skimming the glassy tide,  
Wander they there ;  
Others on pinions wide  
Wing the blue air ;  
On toward the living stream,  
Toward yonder stars that gleam,  
Far, far away ;

Seeking their tender beam  
Wing they their way.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits ! now he slumbers ;  
Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers ;  
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.—  
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast !—  
With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,  
And plunge him in a sea of dreams !  
But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed,  
Tooth of rat the way must clear.  
I need not conjure long, it seems,  
One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will  
hear.

The master of the rats and mice,  
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,  
Commands thy presence ; without fear  
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,  
Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou  
Com'st hopping forth already ! Now  
To work ! The point that holds me bound  
Is in the outer angle found.  
Another bite—so—now 'tis done—  
Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded ! must I deem  
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal ?  
The devil's presence, was it nothing real ?  
The poodle's disappearance but a dream ?

---

*Study.* FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

## FAUST.

A knock ? Come in ! Who now would break  
my rest ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I !

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,

I hope that we shall soon agree !  
 For now your fancies to expel,  
 Here, as a youth of high degree,  
 I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,  
 And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,  
 A cock's gay feather for a plume,  
 A long and pointed rapier, too ;  
 And briefly I would counsel you  
 To don at once the same costume,  
 And, free from trammels, speed away,  
 That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,  
 My heart to earth's low cares a prey.  
 Too old the trifler's part to play,  
 Too young to live by no desire possess'd.  
 What can the world to me afford ?  
 Renounce ! renounce ! is still the word ;  
 This is the everlasting song  
 In every ear that ceaseless rings,  
 And which, alas, our whole life long,  
 Hoarsely each passing moment sings.

But to new horror I awake each morn,  
 And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun  
 Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn  
 Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one.  
 Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs  
 E'en the presentiment of every joy,  
 While low realities and paltry cares  
 The spirit's fond imaginings destroy,  
 And must I then, when falls the veil of night,  
 Stretch'd on my pallet languish in despair ;  
 Appalling dreams my soul affright ;  
 No rest vouchsafed me even there.  
 The god, who throned within my breast resides,  
 Deep in my soul can stir the springs ;  
 With sovereign sway my energies he guides,  
 He cannot move external things ;  
 And so existence is to me a weight,  
 Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd  
 That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

## FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds  
 The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling  
 hour ;  
 Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds  
 Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower !  
 O that before the lofty spirit's might,  
 Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain, one night,  
 Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own,  
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,  
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring  
maze,  
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling  
With the sweet harmonies of happier days :  
So curse I all, around the soul that windeth  
Its magic and alluring spell,  
And with delusive flattery bindeth  
Its victim to this dreary cell !  
Curs'd before all things be the high opinion,  
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around !  
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,  
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound !  
Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,  
The cheat of glory, deathless fame !  
Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,  
Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name !  
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure  
He doth to daring deeds incite :  
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,  
He spreads the couch of soft delight !  
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice !  
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first !  
Accurs'd be hope ! accurs'd be faith !  
And more than all, be patience curs'd !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe ! woe !

Thou hast destroy'd  
 The beautiful world  
 With violent blow ;  
 'Tis shiver'd ! 'tis shatter'd !  
 The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd !  
 Now we sweep  
 The wrecks into nothingness !  
 Fondly we weep  
 The beauty that's gone !  
 Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,  
 Lofty and mighty one,  
 Build it once more !  
 In thine own bosom the lost world restore !  
 Now with unclouded sense  
 Enter a new career ;  
 Songs shall salute thine ear,  
 Ne'er heard before !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.  
 Hark ! with shrewd intelligence,  
 How they recommend to thee  
 Action, and the joys of sense !  
 In the busy world to dwell,  
 Fain they would allure thee hence :  
 For within this lonely cell,  
 Stagnate sap of life and sense.  
 Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,  
 Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.  
 The worst society is some relief,  
 Making thee feel thyself a man with men.  
 Nathless it is not meant, I trow,  
 To trust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.  
 I to the upper ranks do not belong ;  
 Yet if, by me companion'd, thou  
 Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,

Upon the spot myself I'll make  
 Thy comrade ;—  
 Should it suit thy need,  
 I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed !

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast !

FAUST.

No ! No !

The devil is an egotist I know :  
 And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way  
 Kindness to any one to show.  
 Let the condition plainly be exprest ;  
 Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,  
 Still at thy back alert and prompt to be ;  
 But when together *yonder* we appear,  
 Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world ;  
 Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,  
 Another may arise the void to fill.  
 This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,  
 This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,  
 And if this world I must forego,  
 Let happen then,—what can and will.  
 I to this theme will close mine ears,  
 If men hereafter hate and love,  
 And if there be in yonder spheres  
 A depth below or height above.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayest venture it. But make  
The compact, and at once I'll undertake  
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more  
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

## FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?  
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,  
Fathom'd by Being such as thou?  
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,  
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow  
Like restless quicksilver away,  
A game thou hast, at which none win who play,  
A girl who would, with amorous eyes,  
E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare,  
Lofty ambition's joy divine,  
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.  
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,  
And trees, whose verdure daily buds anew.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,  
I can provide such treasures, it is true;  
But, my good friend, a season will come round,  
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

## FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm  
found,  
Then may my life that instant cease;  
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile  
Till self-reproach away I cast?—  
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—  
Let that day be for me the last!  
Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Settled!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!

When to the moment I shall say,  
 "Linger a while, so fair thou art!"  
 Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,  
 Then to the abyss will I depart;  
 Then may the solemn death-bell sound,  
 Then from thy service thou art free,  
 The index then may cease its round,  
 And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.  
 My strength I do not rashly overrate.  
 Slave am I here, at any rate,  
 If thine or whose it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day  
 Attend, my duties to commence.—  
 But one thing!—Accidents may happen, hence  
 A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?  
 Man, and man's plighted word, are these un-  
     known to thee?  
 Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,  
 My doom for evermore is cast?  
 Doth not the world in all its currents rave,  
 And must a promise hold me fast?

Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart ;  
 Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part ?  
 How blest within whose breast truth reigneth  
 pure !

No sacrifice will he repent when made !  
 A formal deed, with seal and signature,  
 A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.  
 The word its life resigneth in the pen,  
 Leather and wax usurp the mastery then.  
 Spirit of evil ! what dost thou require ?  
 Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire ?  
 Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write ?  
 Thy choice is free ; to me 'tis all the same.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite,  
 And thus thine eloquence inflame ?  
 A scrap is for our compact good.  
 Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

## FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,  
 Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

## FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word  
 The scope of all my energy.  
 Is in exact accordance with my vow.  
 Vainly I have aspired too high ;  
 I'm on a level but with such as thou ;  
 Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied ;  
 Nature from me herself doth hide ;  
 Rent is the web of thought ; my mind  
 Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.

In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,  
 Let us our fiery passions still !  
 Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,  
 Let wondrous charms our senses thrill !  
 Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,  
 Stem we the rolling surge of chance !  
 There may alternate weal and woe,  
 Success and failure, as they can,  
 Mingle and shift in changeful dance !  
 Excitement is the sphere for man.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.  
 If you desire to taste of every thing,  
 To snatch at joy while on the wing,  
 May your career amuse and profit too !  
 Only fall to and don't be over coy !

## FAUST.

Hearken ! The end I aim at is not joy ;  
 I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,  
 Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.  
 Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,  
 The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,  
 To bare my breast to every pang,—to know,  
 In my heart's core all human weal and woe,  
 To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,  
 Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,  
 And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind,  
 And share at length with them the shipwreck of  
 mankind.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,  
 Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,  
 No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,

Digests the ancient leaven ! Know, this Whole  
 Doth for the Deity alone subsist !  
 He in eternal brightness doth exist,  
 Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here  
 Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit !  
 But one thing puzzles me, my friend ;  
 Time's short, art long ; methinks 'twere fit  
 That you to friendly counsel should attend.  
 A poet choose as your ally !  
 Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,  
 Each good and noble quality,  
 Upon your honored brow to heap ;  
 The lion's magnanimity,  
 The fleetness of the hind,  
 The fiery blood of Italy,  
 The Northern's steadfast mind !  
 Let him to you the mystery show  
 To blend high aims and cunning low ;  
 And while youth's passions are aflame  
 To fall in love by rule and plan !  
 I fain would meet with such a man ;  
 Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain  
 The crown of our humanity to gain,  
 Toward which my every sense doth strain ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.  
 Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,

Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,  
Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain  
The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain ;  
And when at length from studious toil I rest,  
No power, new-born, springs up within my breast ;  
A hair's breadth is not added to my height,  
I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed,  
Just as by other men they're view'd ;  
We must more cleverly proceed,  
Before life's joys our grasp elude.  
The devil ! thou hast hands and feet,  
And head and heart are also thine ;  
What I enjoy with relish sweet,  
Is it on that account less mine ?  
If for six stallions I can pay,  
Do I not own their strength and speed.  
A proper man I dash away,  
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.  
Up then, from idle pondering free,  
And forth into the world with me !  
I tell you what ;—your speculative churl  
Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads,  
On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,  
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,  
A place of torment this indeed !

A precious life, thyself to bore,  
 And some few youngsters evermore !  
 Leave it to neighbor Paunch ;—withdraw,  
 Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing  
 straw ?

The very best that thou dost know  
 Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.  
 One in the passage now doth wait !

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad ! He must be tired, I trow ;  
 He must not go disconsolate.  
 Hand me thy cap and gown ; the mask  
 Is for my purpose quite first rate.

*(He changes his dress.)*

Now leave it to my wit ! I ask  
 But quarter of an hour ; meanwhile equip,  
 And make all ready for our pleasant trip !

*(Exit FAUST.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES *(in FAUST'S long gown)*.

Mortal ! the loftiest attributes of men,  
 Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,  
 Still let the Prince of lies, without control,  
 With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,  
 I have thee unconditionally then !—  
 Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,  
 Which unrestrain'd still presses on forever,  
 And whose precipitate endeavor  
 Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.  
 Him will I drag through life's wild waste,  
 Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at last  
 Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast ;

And, still to mock his greedy haste,  
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips  
beyond—

Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,  
And were he not the devil's by his bond,  
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost !

(*A STUDENT enters*).

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,  
Full of devotion am I come  
A man to know and hear, whose name  
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me !  
A man like other men you see ;  
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere ?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care !  
I've youthful blood and courage high ;  
Of gold I bring a fair supply ;  
To let me go my mother was not fain ;  
But here I longed true knowledge to attain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place.

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.  
These walls, this melancholy room,  
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom ;  
The space is narrow, nothing green,  
No friendly tree is to be seen :  
And in these halls, with benches lined,  
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first  
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,  
But before long, its eager thirst  
Is fain to slake with hearty zest :  
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day  
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

## STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy ;  
To reach it, say, what means must I employ ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,  
What special faculty you choose ?

## STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,  
What heaven contains would comprehend,  
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend,  
Nature and science I desire to know.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find.  
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

## STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase !  
Though to be sure I fain would seize,  
On pleasant summer holidays,  
A little liberty and careless ease.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies ;  
Method will teach you time to win ;  
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,  
With college logic to begin !

Then will your mind be so well braced,  
 In Spanish boots so tightly laced,  
 That on 'twill circumspectly creep,  
 Thought's beaten track securely keep,  
 Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,  
 Into the path of error strike.  
 Then many a day they'll teach you how  
 The mind's spontaneous acts, till now  
 As eating and as drinking free,  
 Require a process ;—one ! two ! three !  
 In truth the subtle web of thought  
 Is like the weaver's fabric wrought :  
 One treadle moves a thousand lines,  
 Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,  
 Unseen the threads together flow,  
 A thousand knots one stroke combines.  
 Then forward steps your sage to show,  
 And prove to you, it must be so ;  
 The first being so, and so the second,  
 The third and fourth deduc'd we see ;  
 And if there were no first and second,  
 Nor third nor fourth would ever be.  
 This, scholars of all countries prize—  
 Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.  
 He who would know and treat of aught alive,  
 Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive :  
 Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,  
 There only fails, alas ! the spirit-band.  
 This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,  
 Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis*.

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,

When of scholastic forms you learn the use ;  
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,  
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,  
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn !  
There see that you profoundly comprehend  
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend ;  
For that which is or is not in the head  
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.  
But before all strive this half year  
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve !  
Five lectures daily you must hear ;  
The hour still punctually observe !  
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,  
And closely in your manual look,  
Hereby may you be quite aware  
That all he utters standeth in the book ;  
Yet write away without cessation,  
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation !

STUDENT.

This, sir, a second time you need not say !  
Your counsel I appreciate quite ;  
What we possess in black and white,  
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,  
 And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.  
 Customs and laws in every place,  
 Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,  
 Still trail their curse from race to race,  
 And furtively abroad they spread.  
 To nonsense, reason's self they turn ;  
 Beneficence becomes a pest ;  
 Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born !  
 As for the law born with us, unexpress'd ;—  
 That law, alas, none careth to discern.

## STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth  
 Whom you instruct is blest in sooth.  
 To try theology I feel inclined.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,  
 But as regards this science, you will find,  
 So hard it is to shun the erring way,  
 And so much hidden poison lies therein,  
 Which scarce can you discern from medicine.  
 Here too it is the best, to listen but to one,  
 And by the master's words to swear alone.  
 To sum up all—To words hold fast !  
 Then the safe gate securely pass'd,  
 You'll reach the fane of certainty at last,

## STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right ! But o'er-anxious thought, you'll find of  
 no avail,

For there precisely where ideas fail,  
 A word comes opportunely into play.  
 Most admirable weapons words are found,  
 On words a system we securely ground,  
 In words we can conveniently believe,  
 Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

## STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity ;  
 Yet once more must I trouble you :  
 On medicine, I'll thank you to supply  
 A pregnant utterance or two !  
 Three years ! how brief the appointed tide !  
 The field, heaven knows, is all too wide !  
 If but a friendly hint be thrown,  
 'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,  
 And must again the genuine devil play. (*Aloud.*)

Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,  
 The great and little world you study through,  
 That things may then their course pursue,  
 As heaven may please.  
 In vain abroad you range through science' ample  
 space,

Each man learns only that which learn he can ;  
 Who knows the moment to embrace,  
 He is your proper man.

In person you are tolerably made,  
 Nor in assurance will you be deficient :  
 Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,  
 Others will then esteem you a proficient.  
 Learn chiefly with the sex to deal !  
 Their thousand ahs and ohs,

These the sage doctor knows,  
 He only from one point can heal.  
 Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,  
 You have them then to humor as you please.  
 First a diploma must belief infuse,  
 That you in your profession take the lead :  
 You then at once those easy freedoms use  
 For which another many a year must plead ;  
 Learn how to feel with nice address  
 The dainty wrist ;—and how to press,  
 With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,  
 To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that ! one sees the how  
 and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gray is, young friend, all theory :  
 And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me ;  
 May I some future time repeat my visit,  
 To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit :  
 Here is my album, do not, sir, deny  
 This token of your favor !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly !

*(He writes and returns the book.)*

STUDENT (*reads*).

Eritis sicut deus, scientes bonum et malum.  
 (*He reverently closes the book and retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,  
 My cousin follow still, the wily snake,  
 And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool,  
 Erelong be sure your poor sick heart will quake !

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.  
 The little world, and then the great we'll view.  
 With what delight, what profit too,  
 Thou'lt revel through thy gay career !

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need  
 The easy manners that insure success ;  
 Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed ;  
 To mingle in the world I want address ;  
 I still have an embarrass'd air, and then  
 I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give ;  
 Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to  
 live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray ?  
 Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide, .

'Twill serve whereon through air to ride.  
 No heavy baggage need you take,  
 When we our bold excursion make.  
 A little gas, which I will soon prepare,  
 Lifts us from earth ; aloft through air,  
 Light laden, we shall swiftly steer ;—  
 I wish you joy of your new life-career.

(*Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. A drinking party.*)

FROSCH.

No drinking ? Naught a laugh to raise ?  
 None of your gloomy looks, I pray !  
 You, who so bright were wont to blaze,  
 Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault ; your part you do not bear,  
 No beastliness, no folly.

FROSCH (*pours a glass of wine over his head.*)

There,  
 You have them both !

BRANDER.

You double beast !

FROSCH.

'Tis what you ask'd me for, at least !

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out !  
 With open throat drink, roar, and shout.  
 Hollo ! Hollo ! Ho !

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers !  
 Bring cotton-wool ! He splits my ears.



SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,  
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right ! out with him who takes offence !  
A tara lara la !

ALTMAYER.

A tara lara la !

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned. Come let's commence.

*(Sings.)*

The holy Roman empire now,  
How holds it still together ?

BRANDER.

An ugly song ! a song political !  
A song offensive ! Thank God, every morn  
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not  
born !

I bless my stars at least that mine is not  
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.  
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er  
the rest ;

That we elect a pope I now suggest.  
Ye know, what quality insures  
A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH *(sings)*.

Bear, lady nightingale above,  
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart ! No love-songs  
shall there be !

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and love-kisses ! Thou shalt not  
hinder me !

*(Sings.)*

Undo the bolt ! in stilly night,  
Undo the bolt ! thy love's awake :  
Shut to the bolt ! with morning light—

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound ;—the  
snake !

My turn to laugh will come some day.

Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll  
play.

Some gnome her lover be ! where cross-roads  
meet,

With her to play the fool ; or old he-goat,  
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat

A good-night to her, from his hairy throat !

A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood

Is for the damsel far too good ;

The greeting she shall have from me

To smash her window-panes will be !

BRANDER *(striking on the table)*.

Silence ! Attend ! to me give ear !

Confess, sirs, I know how to live :

Some love-sick folk are sitting here !

Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,

That I a good-night strain to them should give.

Hark ! of the newest fashion is my song !

Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong !

*(He sings.)*

Once in a cellar lived a rat

He feasted there on butter.

Until his paunch became as fat  
 As that of Doctor Luther.  
 The cook laid poison for the guest,  
 Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd,  
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,  
 Of every puddle drinking.  
 The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd,  
 In vain,—he fast was sinking ;  
 Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,  
 Nothing the hapless brute could save,  
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,  
 The kitchen he invaded,  
 Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,  
 With anguish sorely jaded ;  
 The poisoner laugh'd, Ha ! ha ! quoth she,  
 His life is ebbing fast, I see,  
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout !  
 Poison for the poor rats to strew  
 A fine exploit it is no doubt.

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you !

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate ! with the paunch profound !  
The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature ;  
For he his counterpart hath found  
Depicted in the swollen creature.

(*FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you,  
Before aught else, this jovial crew,  
To show how lightly life may glide away ;  
With the folk here each day's a holiday.  
With little wit and much content,  
Each on his own small round intent,  
Like sportive kitten with its tail ;  
While no sick-headache they bewail,  
And while their host will credit give,  
Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They're off a journey, that is clear,—  
They look so strange ; they've scarce been here  
An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right ! Leipzig's the place for me !  
'Tis quite a little Paris ; people there  
Acquire a certain easy finish'd air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be ?

FROSCH.

Let me alone ! O'er a full glass you'll see,

As easily I'll worm their secret out,  
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt  
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,  
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet !

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

These fellows would not scent the devil out,  
E'en though he had them by the very throat !

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen !

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.

(*Aside, glancing at* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

How ! goes the fellow on a halting foot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit ?

Then though good wine is not forthcoming  
here,

Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach ? Pray,  
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop !  
When last we met him he had much to say  
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent  
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.

(*With an inclination toward FROSCH.*)

ALTMAYER (*aside to FROSCH*).

You have it there !

SIEBEL.

Faith ! he's a knowing one !

FROSCH.

Have patience ! I will show him up anon !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, as we drew near  
We heard some practis'd voices pealing.  
A song must admirably here  
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling !

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast  
much skill.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a new one, if you please !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,  
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy.

(*Sings.*)

A king there was once reigning,  
Who had a goodly flea—

FROSCH.

Hark ! did you rightly catch the words ? a flea !  
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

A king there was once reigning,  
Who had a goodly flea,  
Him loved he without feigning,  
As his own son were he !  
His tailor then he summon'd,  
The tailor to him goes ;  
Now measure me the youngster  
For jerkin and for hose !

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,  
The nicest measurement to take,  
And as he loves his head, to make  
The hose quite smooth and not too large !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,  
Behold the younker dressed ;  
Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons,  
A cross upon his breast.  
Prime minister they made him,  
He wore a star of state ;  
And all his poor relations  
Were courtiers, rich and great.

The gentlemen and ladies  
 At court were sore distressed ;  
 The queen and all her maidens  
 Were bitten by the pest,  
 And yet they dared not scratch them,  
 Or chase the fleas away.  
 If we are bit, we catch them,  
 And crack without delay.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, etc.

FROSCH.

Bravo ! That's the song for me !

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea !

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill.

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,  
 A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend ;  
 Else freely would I treat each worthy guest  
 From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then ! Your doings I'll defend.



FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you,  
one and all.

Only let not your samples be too small ;  
For if my judgment you desire,  
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here !

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore ?  
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door ?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder  
stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet. To FROSCH*).  
Now only say ! what liquor will you take ?

FROSCH.

How mean you that ? have you of every sort ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*).

Ha ! Ha ! You lick your lips already at the  
thought.

FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I pro-  
pose ;  
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where FROSCH is sitting*).

Get me a little wax—and make some stoppers—  
quick!

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;  
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!

(MEPHISTOPHELES bores, one of the party has  
*in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers  
and stopped the holes.*)

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,  
What's good is often scatter'd far apart.  
The French your genuine German hates with all  
his heart,  
Yet has a relish for their wine.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches him*).  
I like not acid wine, I must allow,  
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bores*).

Tokay

Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now!  
You are but making fun of us, I trow.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free  
 With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;  
 What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

## ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after the holes are all bored and  
 stopped, with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,  
 Horns the buck-goat wears!  
 Wine is sap, the vine is wood,  
 The wooden board yields wine as good.  
 With a deeper glance and true  
 The mysteries of nature view!  
 Have faith and here's a miracle!  
 Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL (*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen  
 by each runs into his glass*).

Oh beauteous spring, which flows so fair!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware!  
 (*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

Happy as cannibals are we,  
 Or as five hundred swine.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation!

## FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of brutishness erelong  
You'll see a glorious revelation.

SIEBEL (*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon  
the ground, and turns to flame*).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*addressing the flames*).

Stop,

Kind element, be still, I say!

(*To the Company.*)

Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.

What means the knave? For this you'll dearly  
pay!

Us, it appears, you do not know.

FROSCH.

Such tricks a second time he'd better show!

ALTMAYER.

Methinks 'twere well we pack'd him quietly away.

SIEBEL.

What, sir! with us your hocus-pocus play!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL.

How! add insult, too!

Vile broomstick!

BRANDER.

Hold! or blows shall rain on you!

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table ; fire springs out against him*).

I burn ! I burn !

SIEBEL.

'Tis sorcery, I vow !  
Strike home ! The fellow is fair game, I trow !  
(*They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).

Visionary scenes appear !  
Words delusive cheat the ear !  
Be ye there, and be ye here !  
(*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I ? What a beauteous land !

FROSCH.

Vineyards ! unless my sight deceives ?

SIEBEL.

And clust'ring grapes too, close at hand !

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves,  
What stems there be ! What grapes I see !  
(*HE seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and draw their knives.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take !  
Note how the devil loves a jest to break !  
(*He disappears with FAUST ; the fellows draw back from one another.*)

SIEBEL.

What was it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*).

And look, my hand doth thine enclose!

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb!  
A chair! I'm fainting! All things swim!

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,  
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,  
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride——  
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.

(*Turning to the table.*)

Would that the wine again were flowing!

SIEBEL.

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

FROSCH.

'Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

What of the grapes too,—where are they?

ALTMAYER.

Who now will miracles gainsay ?

---

*Witches' Kitchen. A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth ; various figures appear in the vapor rising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The MALE MONKEY with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture. FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.*

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest !  
 Dost promise that in this foul nest  
 Of madness, I shall be restored ?  
 Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame ?  
 And can she, by these rites abhorred,  
 Take thirty winters from my frame ?  
 Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest !  
 Hope has already fled my breast.  
 Has neither nature nor a noble mind  
 A balsam yet devis'd of any kind ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,  
 Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth :  
 But in another book the lesson's writ ;—  
 It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

FAUST.

I fain would know it:

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good ! A remedy

Without physician, gold, or sorcery :  
 Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,  
 Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,  
 Thy senses and thyself confine  
 Within the very narrowest round,  
 Support thyself upon the simplest fare,  
 Live like a very brute the brutes among,  
 Neither esteem it robbery  
 The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung.  
 This the best method, credit me,  
 Again at eighty to grow hale and young.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade  
 So far, as in my hand to take the spade.  
 For this mean life my spirit soars too high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we to the witch apply !

FAUST.

Will none but this old beldame do ?  
 Canst not thyself the potion brew ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile !  
 A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.  
 Not science only and consummate art,  
 Patience must also bear her part.  
 A quiet spirit worketh whole years long ;  
 Time only makes the subtle ferment strong.  
 And all things that belong thereto  
 Are wondrous and exceeding rare !  
 The devil taught her, it is true ;  
 But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.  
*(Perceiving the beasts.)*  
 Look yonder, what a dainty pair !



Here is the maid ! the knave is there !  
 (To the beasts.)  
 It seems your dame is not at home ?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,  
 Out of the house,  
 Thro' the chimney and away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam ?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

What think you of the charming creatures ?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,  
 Is just the thing that pleases me the best.  
 (To the MONKEYS.)

Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew !  
 What stir ye in the broth about ?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY (*approaching and fawning on*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick ! quick ! throw the dice,  
 Make me rich in a trice.

Oh give me the prize !  
 Alas, for myself !  
 Had I plenty of pelf,  
 I then should be wise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he  
 Could only put into the lottery !

*(In the meantime the young MONKEYS have  
 been playing with a large globe, which they  
 roll forward.)*

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold ;  
 Unceasingly roll'd,  
 It riseth and falleth ever ;  
 It ringeth like glass !  
 How brittle, alas !  
 'Tis hollow, and resteth never.  
 How bright the sphere,  
 Still brighter here !  
 Now living am I !  
 Dear son, beware !  
 Nor venture there !  
 Thou too must die !  
 It is of clay ;  
 'Twill crumble away ;  
 There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve ?

THE HE-MONKEY *(taking it down)*.

The sieve would show,  
 If thou wert a thief or no ?

(*He runs to the SHE-MONKEY, and makes her look through it.*)

Look through the sieve !  
Dost know him the thief,  
And dar'st thou not call him so ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).  
And then this pot ?

THE MONKEYS.  
The half-witted sot !  
He knows not the pot !  
He knows not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES.  
Unmannerly beast !  
Be civil at least !

THE HE-MONKEY.  
Take the whisk and sit down in the settle !  
(*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.*)

FAUST (*who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see ? what form, whose charms transcend

The loveliness of earth, is mirror'd here ?

O Love, to waft me to her sphere,

To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend !

Alas ! If I remain not rooted to this place,

If to approach more near I'm fondly lur'd,

Her image fades, in veiling mist obscur'd !—

Model of beauty both in form and face !

Is't possible ? Hath woman charms so rare ?

Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,

The very essence of all heavenly grace ?

Can aught so exquisite on earth be found ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labor of a god, my friend,  
 Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,  
 By something clever doubtless should be crown'd  
 For this time gaze your fill, and when you please  
 Just such a prize for you I can provide ;  
 How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees,  
 To take her to his home, a lovely bride !

(FAUST *continues to gaze into the mirror.*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the  
 settle and playing with the whisk, continues  
 to speak.*)

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne ;  
 My sceptre this ;—the crown I want alone.

THE MONKEYS (*who have hitherto been making  
 all sorts of strange gestures, bring MEPHIS-  
 TOPHELES a crown, with loud cries*).

Oh, be so good,  
 With sweat and with blood  
 The crown to lime !

(*They handle the crown awkwardly and break  
 it in two pieces, with which they skip about.*)

'Twas fate's decree !  
 We speak and see !  
 We hear and rhyme.

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe's me ! well-nigh distraught I feel !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the beasts*).  
 And even my own head almost begins to reel.

## THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,  
 If fitly things blend,  
 Our jargon with thought  
 And with reason fraught !

FAUST (*as above*).

A flame is kindled in my breast !  
Let us begone ! nor linger here !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same position*).

It now at least must be confessed,  
That poets sometimes are sincere.

(*The caldron which the SHE-MONKEY has neglected begins to boil over ; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The WITCH comes down the chimney with horrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ough ! ough ! ough ! ough !  
Accursed brute ! accursed sow !  
Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame !  
Accursed brute to scorch the dame !

(*Perceiving FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Whom have we here ?  
Who's sneaking here ?  
Whence are ye come ?  
With what desire ?  
The plague of fire  
Your bones consume !

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the MONKEYS. The MONKEYS whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots*).

Dash ! Smash !  
There lies the glass !

There lies the slime !  
 'Tis but a jest ;  
 I but keep time,  
 Thou hellish pest,  
 To thine own chime !

(*While the WITCH steps back in rage and astonishment.*)

Dost know me ! Skeleton ! Vile scarecrow, thou !  
 Thy lord and master dost thou know ?  
 What holds me, that I deal not now  
 Thee and thine apes a stunning blow ?  
 No more respect to my red vest dost pay ?  
 Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim ?  
 Have I my visage masked to-day ?  
 Must I be forced myself to name ?

#### THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute !  
 But I perceive no cloven foot.  
 And your two ravens, where are they ?

#### MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea ;—  
 For truly I must own that we  
 Each other have not seen for many a day.  
 The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last  
 Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced ;  
 The northern phantom from the scene hath  
 pass'd.  
 Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced !  
 As for the foot, with which I can't dispense,  
 'Twould injure me in company, and hence,  
 Like many a youthful cavalier,  
 False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,  
To see once more the gallant Satan here !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ !

THE WITCH.

But why ? what mischief hath it done ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable it too long hath appertained ;  
But people from the change have nothing won.  
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained.  
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good ;  
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.  
Dost make no question of my gentle blood ;  
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear !  
(*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*).

Ha ! Ha ! Just like yourself ! You are, I ween,  
The same mad wag that you have ever been !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray !  
To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require,  
But for the very oldest let me ask ;  
Double its strength with years doth grow.

## THE WITCH.

Most willingly ! And here I have a flask,  
 From which I've sipp'd myself ere now ;  
 What's more, it doth no longer stink ;  
 To you a glass I joyfully will give.

(*Aside.*)

If unprepar'd, however, this man drink,  
 He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper  
 well ;

I grudge him not the choicest of thy store.  
 Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,  
 And straight a bumper for him pour !

(*The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book ; places the MONKEYS in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons FAUST to approach.*)

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend ?  
 Where will these frantic gestures end ?  
 This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff  
 I've known and hated long enough.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummary, a laugh to raise !  
 Pray don't be so fastidious ! She  
 But as a leech her hocus-pocus plays,  
 That well with you her potion may agree.

(*He compels FAUST to enter the circle.*)



THE WITCH (*with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

This must thou ken :  
 Of one make ten,  
 Pass two, and then  
 Make square the three,  
 So rich thou'lt be.  
 Drop out the four !  
 From five and six,  
 Thus says the witch,  
 Make seven and eight.  
 So all is straight !  
 And nine is one,  
 And ten is none,  
 This is the witch's one-time-one !

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave.  
 I know it well, so rings the book throughout ;  
 Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,  
 For downright paradox, no doubt,  
 A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.  
 Ancient the art and modern too, my friend.  
 'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,  
 Error instead of truth abroad to send  
 By means of three and one, and one and three.  
 'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.  
 Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools ?  
 When words men hear, in sooth, they usually  
 believe,  
 That there must needs therein be something to  
 conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).  
 The lofty power  
 Of wisdom's dower,  
 From all the world conceal'd !  
 Who thinketh not,  
 To him I wot,  
 Unsought it is reveal'd.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound ?  
 My brain it doth well-nigh confound.  
 A hundred thousand fools or more,  
 Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Incomparable Sibyl cease, I pray !  
 Hand us thy liquor without more delay.  
 And to the very brim the goblet crown !  
 My friend he is, and need not be afraid ;  
 Besides, he is a man of many a grade,  
 Who hath drunk deep already.

(*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup ; as FAUST lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down !  
 No hesitation ! It will prove  
 A cordial, and your heart inspire !  
 What ! with the devil hand and glove  
 And yet shrink back afraid of fire ?  
 (*The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once ! thou dar'st not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*).

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do,  
Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,  
That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me ;  
Thou must perspire, in order that the juice  
Thy frame may penetrate through every part.  
Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,  
And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognize  
How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass !  
Too lovely was that female form !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay ! nay !

A model which all women shall surpass,  
In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.

*(Aside.)*

As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet  
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

*A Street.* FAUST. MARGARET *passing by.*

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free  
To offer you my arm and company ?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,  
Can without escort home repair.

*(She disengages herself and exit.)*

FAUST.

By heaven ! This girl is fair indeed !  
No form like hers can I recall.  
Virtue she hath, and modest heed,  
Is piquant too, and sharp withal.  
Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,  
No length of time will e'er eclipse !  
Her downward glance in passing by  
Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye ;  
How curt and sharp her answer too,  
My ravish'd heart to rapture grew !

*(MEPHISTOPHELES enters).*

FAUST.

This girl must win for me ! Dost hear ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which ?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ! She ?

She from confession cometh here,  
From every sin absolved and free ;  
I crept near the confessor's chair.  
All innocence her virgin soul,  
For next to nothing went she there ;  
O'er such as she I've no control !

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk  
 Like any gay Lothario,  
 Who every floweret from its stalk  
 Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,  
 Secure against his arts, forsooth !  
 This ne'ertheless won't always do.

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause ;  
 Nor plague me with your tiresome laws !  
 To cut the matter short, my friend,  
 She must this very night be mine,—  
 And if to help me you decline,  
 Midnight shall see our compact end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What may occur just bear in mind !  
 A fortnight's space, at least, I need,  
 A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed ;  
 Nor should I want the devil's wile,  
 So young a creature to beguile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Like any Frenchman now you speak,  
 But do not fret, I pray ; why seek  
 To hurry to enjoyment straight ?  
 The pleasure is not half so great,  
 As when at first, around, above,  
 With all the fooleries of love,  
 The puppet you can knead and mould  
 As in Italian story oft is told.

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest !  
 You cannot quickly, I protest,  
 In winning this sweet child succeed.  
 By storm we cannot take the fort,  
 To stratagem we must resort.

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest !  
 Some token of the angel bring !  
 A kerchief from her snowy breast,  
 A garter bring me,—anything !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove,  
 Your pangs to sooth and aid your love,  
 A single moment will we not delay,  
 Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her ?—Have her ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No !

She to a neighbor's house will go ;  
 But in her atmosphere alone,  
 The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ,  
 In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure ! (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon ! 'tis well ! success is sure !  
 I know full many a secret store  
 Of treasure, buried long before,  
 I must a little look them o'er. (Exit.)

—————

*Evening. A small and neat Room.*

MARGARET (*braiding and binding up her hair*).

I would give something now to know,  
 Who yonder gentleman could be !  
 He had a gallant air, I trow,  
 And doubtless was of high degree :  
 That written on his brow was seen—  
 Nor else would he so bold have been. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in ! tread softly ! be discreet !

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Begone and leave me, I entreat !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*).

Not every maiden is so neat. (Exit.)

FAUST (*gazing round*).

Welcome, sweet twilight gloom which reigns  
 Through this dim place of hallow'd rest !  
 Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,  
 Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains !  
 What stillness here environs me !  
 Content and order brood around.  
 What fulness in this poverty !  
 In this small cell what bliss profound !

*(He throws himself on the leather arm-chair  
beside the bed.)*

Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace  
 Welcom'd in joy and grief the ages flown !  
 How oft the children of a by-gone race  
 Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne !  
 Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,  
 For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,  
 Hath with the full round cheek of childhood,  
     here,  
 Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.  
 Maiden ! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,  
 Breathing of order and abounding grace.  
 As with a mother's voice, it prompteth thee,  
 The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,  
 To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.  
 Dear hand ! so godlike in its ministry !  
 The hut becomes a paradise through thee !  
 And here— *(He raises the bed-curtain.)*

How thrills my pulse with strange delight !  
 Here could I linger hours untold ;  
 Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,  
 The embryo angel here unfold.  
 Here lay the child, her bosom warm  
 With life ; while steeped in slumber's dew,  
 To perfect grace her godlike form  
 With pure and hallow'd weavings grew !

And thou ! ah here what seekest thou ?  
 How quails mine inmost being now !  
 What wouldst thou here ? what makes thy heart  
     so sore ?  
 Unhappy Faust ! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale ?  
 Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay !



Now in a pure love dream I melt away.  
Are we the sport of every passing gale ?

Should she return and enter now,  
How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame !  
Proud vaunter—thou wouldst hide thy brow,—  
And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick ! Quick ! below I see her there.

FAUST.

Away ! I will return no more !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store  
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.  
Just lay it in the press ; make haste !  
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain ;  
Therein some trifles I have placed,  
Wherewith another to obtain.  
But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask ?

Perchance you would retain the treasure ?  
If such your wish, why then, I say,  
Henceforth absolve me from my task,  
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.  
I trust you're not by avarice led !  
I rub my hands, I scratch my head,—  
*(He places the casket in the press and closes the  
lock.)*

Now quick ! Away !  
That soon the sweet young creature may

The wish and purpose of your heart obey ;  
 Yet stand you there -  
 As would you to the lecture-room repair,  
 As if before you stood,  
 Arrayed in flesh and blood,  
 Physics and metaphysics weird and gray !—  
 Away !

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

It is so close, so sultry now,  
 (*She opens the window.*)

Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.  
 I feel so strange, I know not how—  
 I wish my mother would come home.  
 Through me there runs a shuddering—  
 I'm but a foolish timid thing !

(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)

There was a king in Thule,  
 True even to the grave ;  
 To whom his dying mistress  
 A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it.  
 Naught was to him so dear,  
 And often as he drained it,  
 Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,  
 His cities o'er he told ;  
 And grudged his heir no treasure  
 Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals  
 At a royal feast sat he,  
 In yon proud hall ancestral,  
 In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,  
 And quaff'd his last life's glow,

Then hurled the hallow'd goblet  
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,  
And plunging in the sea ;  
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,  
And never again drank he.

*(She opens the press to put away her clothes,  
and perceives the casket.)*

How comes this lovely casket here? The press  
I locked, of that I'm confident.  
'Tis very wonderful ! What's in it I can't guess ;  
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,  
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.  
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key !  
I have a mind to open it and see !  
Heavens ! only look ! what have we here ?  
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight !  
Jewels ! which any noble dame might wear,  
For some high pageant richly dight !  
How would the necklace look on me ?  
These splendid gems, whose may they be ?

*(She puts them on and steps before the glass.)*

Were but the ear-rings only mine !  
Thus one has quite another air.  
What boots it to be young and fair ?  
It doubtless may be very fine ;  
But then, alas, none cares for you,  
And praise sounds half like pity too.

Gold all doth lure,  
Gold doth secure  
All things. Alas, we poor !

*Promenade.* FAUST *walking thoughtfully up and down.* To him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By love despis'd! By hell's fierce fires I curse,  
Would I knew aught to make my imprecation  
worse!

FAUST.

What aileth thee? what chafes thee now so sore?  
A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,  
Did it not happen that myself am he!

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit!  
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The gems for Gretchen brought,  
Them hath a priest now made his own!—  
A glimpse of them the mother caught,  
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.  
The woman's scent is keen enough;  
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff;  
Smells every article to ascertain  
Whether the thing is holy or profane,  
And scented in the jewels rare,  
That there was not much blessing there.  
"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good  
Ensares the soul, consumes the blood;  
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,  
She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!"  
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout;  
'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,

And sure, he godless cannot be,  
 Who brought them here so cleverly.  
 Straight for a priest the mother sent,  
 Who, when he understood the jest,  
 With what he saw was well content.  
 "This shows a pious mind!" Quoth he:  
 "Self-conquest is true victory.  
 The Church hath a good stomach, she, with zest,  
 Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down,  
 And never yet a surfeit known.  
 The Church alone, be it confessed,  
 Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest."

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,  
 Practised alike by king and jew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept  
 As they were mushrooms; and the casket,  
 Without one word of thanks, he kept,  
 As if of nuts it were a basket.  
 Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied—  
 And greatly they were edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In unquiet mood  
 Knows neither what she would or should;  
 The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,  
 On him who brought them, dwells still more.

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me; bring  
 Another set without delay!  
 The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play !

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end !  
Engage the attention of her friend !  
No milk-and-water devil be,  
And bring fresh jewels instantly !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir ! Most gladly I'll obey. (FAUST *exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,  
Merely his lady-love to please,  
Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away.  
(*Exit.*)

*The Neighbor's House.*

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he  
Doth not in truth act well by me !  
Forth in the world abroad to roam,  
And leave me on the straw at home.  
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,  
God knows, I lov'd him from my heart.  
(*She weeps.*)

Perchance he's dead !—oh wretched state !—  
Had I but a certificate ! (MARGARET *comes.*)

MARGARET.

Dame Martha !

MARTHA.

Gretchen ?

MARGARET.

Only think !  
 My knees beneath me well-nigh sink !  
 Within my press I've found to-day  
 Another case, of ebony.  
 And things—magnificent they are,  
 More costly than the first, by far.

MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother !  
 It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay, look at them ! now only see !

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature !

MARGARET.

Woe is me !  
 Them in the street I cannot wear,  
 Or in the church, or anywhere.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,  
 The gems put on quite privately ;  
 And then before the mirror walk an hour or so,  
 Thus we shall have our pleasure too.  
 Then suitable occasions we must seize,  
 As at a feast, to show them by degrees :  
 A chain at first, then ear-drops,—and your mother  
 Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

MARGARET.

But who, I wonder, could the caskets bring ?  
 I fear there's something wrong about the thing !  
(*A knock.*)  
 Good heavens ! can that my mother be ?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.

Come in ! (MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ventur'd to intrude to-day.

Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.

(*He steps back respectfully before MARGARET.*)

After dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire !

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now,—and therefore will retire ;

At present you've distinguished company.

Pardon the freedom, madam, with your leave,

I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he

For some grand lady taketh thee !

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood—

The gentleman is far too good—

Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, 'tis not the mere ornaments alone ;

Her glance and mien far more betray.

Rejoiced I am that I may stay.

MARTHA.

Your business, sir ? I long to know—



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show !  
I trust mine errand you'll not let me rue ;  
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead ? True heart ! Oh misery !  
My husband dead ! Oh, I shall die !

MARGARET.

Alas ! good Martha ! don't despair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair !

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.  
The loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,  
In holy ground his body lies ;  
Quiet and cool his place of rest,  
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you naught besides to bring ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes ! one grave and solemn prayer ;  
Let them for him three hundred masses sing !  
But in my pockets, I have nothing there.

MARTHA.

No trinket ! no love-token did he send !  
 What every journeyman safe in his pouch will  
     hoard,  
 There for remembrance fondly stored,  
 And rather hungers, rather begs than spend !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore,  
 But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.  
 His failings too he deeply did repent,  
 Ay ! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

MARGARET.

Alas ! That men should thus be doomed to woe .  
 I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A husband you deserve this very day ;  
 A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

  Ah no,  
 That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.  
 Among Heaven's choicest gifts, I place,  
 So sweet a darling to embrace.

MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.  
Something less foul it was than dung ;  
"Twas straw half rotten ; yet, he as a Christian  
died.

And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.  
"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting  
breath,

"So to forsake my business and my wife !  
Ah ! the remembrance is my death.  
Could I but have her pardon in this life !" —

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul ! I've long forgiven him, indeed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Though she, God knows, was more to blame  
than I."

MARTHA.

What, on the brink of death assert a lie !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skill'd the countenance to read,  
He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.—  
"No time had I to gape, or take my ease," he said.  
"First to get children, and then get them bread ;  
And bread, too, in the very widest sense ;  
Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share."

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite ?  
My weary drudgery by day and night ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so ! He thought of you with tender care.  
Quoth he : "Heaven knows how fervently I  
prayed

For wife and children when from Malta bound ;—  
 The prayer hath Heaven with favor crowned ;  
 We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed  
 Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court ;  
 It's own reward our gallant action brought ;  
 The captur'd prize was shared among the crew,  
 And of the treasure I received my due."

MARTHA.

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried,  
 pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can  
 say?

In Naples as he stroll'd, a stranger there,  
 A comely maid took pity on my friend ;  
 And gave such tokens of her love and care,  
 That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel ! to rob his children of their bread !  
 And all this misery, this bitter need,  
 Could not his course of recklessness impede !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.  
 Now were I in your place, my counsel hear ;  
 My weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,  
 And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near,  
 Not quickly should I find another like my first !  
 There could not be a fonder fool than mine,  
 Only he loved too well abroad to roam !  
 Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,  
 And loved besides the dice accurs'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,  
Had he but given you at home,  
On his side, just as wide a range.  
Upon such terms, to you I swear,  
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange !

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best !  
She'd make the very devil marry her :

(*To MARGARET.*)

How fares it with your heart ?

MARGARET.

How mean you, sir ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The sweet young innocent !

(*Aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell !

MARGARET.

Farewell !

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell !  
I from a witness fain had heard,  
Where, how, and when my husband died and was  
interr'd.

To forms I've always been attached indeed,  
His death I fain would in the journals read.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare  
Is held as valid everywhere ;

A gallant friend I have, not far from here,  
Who will for you before the judge appear.  
I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her too ?  
A noble youth, far travelled, he  
Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king !

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house we'll name,  
There we'll await you both this evening.

*A street.* FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now ? How speeds it ? Is't in train ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo ! I find you all aflame !  
Gretchen full soon your own you'll name.  
This eve, at neighbor Martha's, her you'll meet  
again ;

The woman seems expressly made  
To drive the pimp and gypsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favor claims return as this world goes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have on oath but duly to attest,  
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, re-  
pose  
In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed !  
So I suppose we straight must journey there !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Sancta simplicitas !* For that no need !  
Without much knowledge we have but to swear,

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to suggest,  
Against your plan I must at once protest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man ! methinks I have you there !  
In all your life say, have you ne'er  
False witness borne, until this hour ?  
Have you of God, the world, and all it doth con-  
tain,  
Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and  
brain,  
Not definitions given, in words of weight and  
power,  
With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast ?  
Yet, if into the depth of things you go,

Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,  
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you  
know !

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view !  
To-morrow, in all honor, thou  
Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow  
Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair !  
Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear ;  
Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—  
Will that too issue from the heart ?

FAUST.

Forbear !  
When passion sways me, and I seek to frame  
Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,  
And for my frenzy finding no fit name,  
Sweep round the ample world with every sense  
Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,  
And call the glow, wherewith I burn,  
Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne—  
Is that of sophistry a devilish play ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right !

FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,  
And spare my lungs : who'er to have the right  
is fain,



If he have but a tongue, wherewith his point to  
 gain,  
 Will gain it in the end.  
 But come, of gossip I am weary quite ;  
 Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

*Garden.* MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA  
*with* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and*  
*down.*

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,  
 To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low.  
 A traveller from complaisance,  
 Still makes the best of things ; I know  
 Too well, my humble prattle never can  
 Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST.

One glance, one word of thine doth charm me  
 more  
 Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.  
 (*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Nay ! trouble not yourself ! A hand so coarse,  
 So rude as mine, now can you kiss !  
 What constant work at home must I not do per-  
 force !  
 My mother too exacting is. (*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us ! With what pain  
 Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,  
 Where yet we dare not once remain !

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigor crown'd,  
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep ;  
But ah, the evil days come round !  
And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,  
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.  
*(They pass on.)*

MARGARET.

Ay, out of sight is out of mind !  
Politeness easy is to you ;  
Friends everywhere, and not a few,  
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense  
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness !

MARGARET.

How ?

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence,—  
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know !  
Ah, when will meekness and humility,  
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me !  
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone ?

## MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,  
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,  
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep,  
Still early on my feet and late ;  
My mother is in all things, great and small,  
So accurate !  
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need ;  
Than others we might make more show indeed ;  
My father left behind a small estate,  
A house and garden near the city-wall.  
Quiet enough my life has been of late ;  
My brother for a soldier's gone ;  
My little sister's dead ; the babe to rear  
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy ;  
But I would go through all again with joy,  
The darling was to me so dear.

## FAUST.

An angel, sweet, if it resembled thee !

## MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.  
After my father's death it saw the day ;  
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay  
In such a wretched plight, and then at length  
So very slowly she regain'd her strength.  
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try  
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I  
Reared it on milk and water all alone ;  
And thus the child became as 'twere my own ;  
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,  
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.

## FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.  
 At night its little cradle stood  
 Close to my bed ; so was I wide awake  
 If it but stirred ;  
 One while I was obliged to give it food,  
 Or to my arms the darling take ;  
 From bed full oft must rise, whene'er its cry I  
     heard,  
 And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and  
     fro ;  
 Stand at the wash-tub early ; forthwith go  
 To market, and then mind the cooking too—  
 To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.  
 Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd  
 One's spirits are not always of the best ;  
 Yet it a relish gives to food and rest.

*(They pass on.)*

MARTHA.

Poor women ! we are badly off, I own ;  
 A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,  
 To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met ?  
 Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fireside and a good wife are gold  
 And pearls of price, so says the proverb old.

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own.

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah ! you mistake !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind !

But this I know—that you are very kind.

*(They pass on.)*

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,  
When in the garden first I came ?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it ? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame  
The liberty I took that day,  
When thou from church didst lately wend thy  
way ?

MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been ;  
No one of me could any evil say.  
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien  
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen !  
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,  
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free !

Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew  
 What in your favor here began at once to plead ;  
 Yet I was angry with myself indeed,  
 That I more angry could not feel with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love !

MARGARET.

Just wait a while !  
*(She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the  
 leaves one after another.)*

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be ?

MARGARET.

No ! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How ?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me !  
*(She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to  
 herself.)*

FAUST.

What murmurest thou ?

MARGARET *(half aloud)*.

He loves me,—loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss !

MARGARET *(continues)*.

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—

*(Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.)*

He loves me !

FAUST.

Yes!

And this flower-language, darling, let it be  
 A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!  
 Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee!  
*(He seizes both her hands.)*

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Nay! do not tremble, love!  
 Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal  
 Feelings, all power of speech above;  
 To give one's self up wholly and to feel  
 A joy that must eternal prove!  
 Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.  
 No end!—It cannot end!  
*(MARGARET presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.)*

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay;  
 But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;  
 It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,  
 Nothing to think of too,  
 But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in  
 and out;  
 And scandal's busy still, do whatso'er one may.  
 And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there.  
The wanton butterflies !

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way !

---

*A Summer-House. MARGARET runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET.

He comes !

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou  
Think'st to provoke me ! I have caught thee  
now ! *(He kisses her.)*

MARGARET *(embracing him, and returning the kiss.)*

Dearest of men ! I love thee from my heart !  
*(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)*

FAUST *(stamping).*

Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend !

FAUST.

A brute !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.



(MARTHA comes.)

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then ?

MARGARET.

Oh no—my mother would—adieu, adieu !

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you ?  
Farewell !

MARTHA.

Good-by !

MARGARET.

Erelong to meet again !

(*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELE.)

MARGARET.

Good heavens ! how all things far and near  
Must fill his mind,—a man like this !  
Abash'd before him I appear,  
And say to all things only, yes.  
Poor simple child, I cannot see  
What 'tis that he can find in me.

---

*Forest and Cavern.*

FAUST (*alone*).

Spirit sublime ! Thou gav'st me all  
For which I prayed ! Not vainly hast thou turn'd  
To me thy countenance in flaming fire :  
Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,  
And also power to feel her and enjoy ;  
Not merely with a cold and wondering glance,

Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,  
 As in the bosom of a friend, to gaze.  
 Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,  
 And dost, in silent grove, in air and stream  
 Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars  
 The howling storm-blast through the groaning  
 wood,

Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall  
 Crashing sweeps down its neighbor trunks and  
 boughs,

While with the hollow noise the hill resounds :  
 Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave,  
 Dost there reveal me to myself, and show  
 Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.  
 And when with soothing beam the moon's pale  
 orb

Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,  
 From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms  
 Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage  
 The joy austere of contemplative thought.

Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,  
 I feel, alas ! With this exalted joy,  
 Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,  
 Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom  
 I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,  
 He still degrades me to myself, and turns  
 Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.  
 He in my bosom with malicious zeal  
 For that fair image fans a raging fire ;  
 From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,  
 And in enjoyment languish for desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this lone life have you not had your fill ?  
 How for so long can it have charms for you ?

'Tis well enough to try it if you will ;  
But then away again to sometheng new !

FAUST.

Would you could better occupy your leisure,  
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well ! well ! I'll leave you to yourself with pleas-  
ure,  
A serious tone you hardly dare employ.  
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,  
I should not find a grievous loss.  
The live-long day, for you I toil and fret ;  
Ne'er from his worship's face a hint I get,  
What pleases him, or what to let alone.

FAUST.

Ay truly ! that is just the proper tone !  
He wearies me, and would with thanks be paid !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, without my aid,  
How would thy weary days have flown ?  
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cured,  
Thy vain imaginations banished,  
And but for me, be well assured,  
Thou from this sphere must soon have vanished.  
In rocky hollows and in caverns drear,  
Why like an owl sit moping here ?  
Wherefore from dripping stones and moss with  
ooze imbued,  
Dost suck, like any toad, thy food !  
A rare, sweet pastime. Verily !  
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy  
From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs?—  
Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it  
brings,  
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my  
joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy ! at night,  
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,  
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,  
The soul dilating to a deity ;  
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,  
Feel in your laboring breast the six-days' birth,  
Enjoy, in proud delight what no one knows,  
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—  
The earthly lost in beatific vision,  
And then the lofty intuition— (*With a gesture.*)  
I need not tell you how—to close !

FAUST.

Fie on you !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you ? “ For shame ! ”  
You are forsooth entitled to exclaim ;  
We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce  
What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.  
Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise,  
I grudge you not, of specious lies.  
But soon the self-deluding vein  
Is past, once more thou'rt whirled away,  
And should it last, thou'lt be the prey  
Of frenzy or remorse and pain.  
Enough of this ! Thy true love dwells apart,  
And all to her seems flat and tame ;

Alone thine image fills her heart,  
 She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.  
 First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush,  
 Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted  
     snow ;  
 Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,  
 Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.  
 Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,  
 It would become so great a lord  
 To comfort the enamour'd child,  
 And the young monkey for her love reward.  
 To her the hours seem miserably long ;  
 She from the window sees the clouds float by,  
 As o'er the lofty city-walls they fly.  
 " If I a birdie were !" so runs her song,  
 Half through the night and all day long.  
 Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore ;  
 Fairly outwept seem now her tears,  
 Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,  
 And love-sick evermore.

FAUST.

Snake ! serpent vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good ! If I catch thee with my guile !

FAUST.

Vile reprobate ! go get thee hence ;  
 Forbear the lovely girl to name !  
 Nor in my half-distracted sense,  
 Kindle anew the smouldering flame !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldest thou ? She thinks you've taken  
     flight ;  
 It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove,  
Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love ;  
And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,  
Even the very Host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well ! I oft have envied you indeed,  
The twin-pair that among the roses feed.

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to ! I laugh, the while you rail.  
The power which fashion'd youth and maid,  
Well understood the noble trade ;  
So neither shall occasion fail.  
But hence !—In truth a case for gloom !  
Bethink thee, to thy mistress' room  
And not to death shouldst go !

FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms ?  
What though my life her bosom warms !—  
Do I not ever feel her woe ?  
The outcast am I not, who knows no rest,  
Inhuman monster, aimless and unblest,  
Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,  
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate  
shock ?

While she, within her lowly cot, which graced  
The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,  
Her homely cares in that small world embraced,  
Secluded lived, a simple artless child.  
Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl  
To blast the steadfast rocks ;

Her, and her peace as well,  
 Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl?  
 Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell?  
 Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread!  
 Let what must happen, happen speedily!  
 Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,  
 And into ruin let her plunge with me!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, how again it seethes and glows!  
 Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!  
 When such a head no issue sees,  
 It pictures straight the final close.  
 Long life to him who boldly dares!  
 A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show;  
 As for a devil who despairs,  
 There's naught so mawkish here below.

## MARGARET'S Room.

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning-wheel*).

My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore,  
 I find it never,  
 And nevermore!

Where him I have not,  
 Is the grave to me;  
 And bitter as gall  
 The whole world to me.

My wilder'd brain  
 Is overwrought;  
 My feeble senses  
 Are distraught.

My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore,  
 I find it never,  
 And nevermore !

For him from the window  
 I gaze, at home ;  
 For him and him only  
 Abroad I roam.

His lofty step,  
 His bearing high,  
 The smile of his lip,  
 The power of his eye,

His witching words,  
 Their tones of bliss,  
 His hand's fond pressure,  
 And ah—his kiss !

My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore,  
 I find it never,  
 And nevermore.

My bosom aches  
 To feel him near ;  
 Ah, could I clasp  
 And fold him here !

Kiss him and kiss him  
 Again would I,  
 And on his kisses  
 I fain would die !

---

MARTHA'S *Garden*. MARGARET and FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise, me, Henry—



FAUST.

What I can !

MARGARET.

How is it with religion in thy mind ?  
 Thou art a dear kind-hearted man,  
 But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

FAUST.

Forbear ! Thou feelest I love thee alone ;  
 For those I love, my life I would lay down,  
 And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe !

FAUST.

Must we ?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire !  
 Thou honorest not the sacraments, alas !

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire ;  
 'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or  
 mass.

Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say,  
 Yes, I in God believe ?  
 Question or priest or sage, and they  
 Seem, in the answer you receive,  
 To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe !

FAUST.

Sweet one ! my meaning do not misconceive !  
 Him who dare name  
 And who proclaim,  
 Him I believe ?  
 Who that can feel,  
 His heart can steel,  
 To say : I believe him not ?  
 The All-embracer,  
 All-sustainer,  
 Holds and sustains he not  
 Thee, me, himself ?  
 Lifts not the heaven its dome above ?  
 Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie ?  
 And beaming tenderly with looks of love,  
 Climb not the everlasting stars on high ?  
 Do I not gaze into thine eyes ?  
 Nature's impenetrable agencies,  
 Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,  
 Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,  
 Around thee weaving their mysterious chain ?  
 Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be ;  
 And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,  
 Then call it, what thou wilt,—  
 Call it Bliss ! Heart ! Love ! God !  
 I have no name for it !  
 'Tis feeling all ;  
 Name is but sound and smoke  
 Shrouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair ;  
 Almost the same the parson says,  
 Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,  
This is the utterance of the human heart ;  
Each in his language doth the like impart ;  
Then why not I in mine ?

MARGARET.

What thus I hear  
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled ;  
There's something wrong about it ; much I fear  
That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child !

MARGARET.

Alas ! it long hath sorely troubled me,  
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so ?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee, I hate,  
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor ;  
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,  
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

FAUST.

Fear not, sweet love !

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.  
Toward all beside I have a kindly mood ;  
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel  
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal ;  
That he's a villain my conviction's strong.  
May Heaven forgive me, if I do him wrong !

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be !

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.  
 If for a moment he but enter here,  
 He looks around him with a mocking sneer,  
 And malice ill-conceal'd ;  
 That he, with naught on earth can sympathize is  
     clear ;  
 Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,  
 That to his heart no living soul is dear.  
 So blest I feel, within thine arms,  
 So warm and happy,—free from all alarms ;  
 And still my heart doth close when he comes  
     near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel ! check thy fear !

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when,  
 Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,  
 I almost think, no more I love thee then.  
 Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,  
 This eats into my heart ; with thee  
 The same, my Henry, it must be.

FAUST.

This is antipathy !

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,  
 And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed ?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone, to-night  
 The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for thee ;  
 But then my mother's sleep is light,  
 Were we surprised by her, ah me !  
 Upon the spot I should be dead.

FAUST.

Dear angel ! there's no cause for dread.  
 Here is a little phial,—if she take  
 Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep  
 Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake !  
 To her it will not harmful prove ?

FAUST.

Should I advise else, sweet love ?

MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,  
 What doth my spirit to thy will constrain ;  
 Already I have done so much for thee,  
 That scarcely more to do doth now remain.  
 (*Exit. MEPHISTOPHELES enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey ! Is she gone ?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that pass'd I'm well appriz'd,  
 I heard the doctor catechised,  
 And trust he'll profit much thereby !

Fain would the girls inquire indeed  
 Touching their lover's faith, if he  
 Believe according to the ancient creed ;  
 They think : if pliant there, to us he'll yielding be.

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this  
 Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,  
 Full of the living faith,  
 To her of bliss  
 The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,  
 Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to end-  
 less death !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist ? The while  
 A damsel leads thee by the nose !

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows ;  
 She in my presence feels she knows not how ;  
 My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals ;  
 That I'm a genius she must needs allow,  
 That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.  
 So then to-night—

FAUST.

What's that to you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too !

*At the Well.* MARGARET and BESSY, with  
*pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard ?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home,—no, not a word.

BESSY.

'Tis true : Sybilla told me so to-day !  
That comes of being proud, methinks ;  
She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so ?

BESSY.

That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks. They say

MARGARET.

Alas !

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth.  
How long she hung upon the youth !  
What promenades, what jaunts there were,  
To dancing booth and village fair !  
The first she everywhere must shine,  
He always treating her to pastry and to wine.  
Of her good looks she was so vain,  
So shameless too, that she did not disdain  
Even his presents to retain ;  
Sweet words and kisses came anon—  
And then the virgin flower was gone !

MARGARET.

Poor thing !

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her?  
 At night, when at our wheels we sat,  
 Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.  
 Then with her lover she must chat,  
 Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk,  
 Thinking of the hours too brief for their sweet  
 talk;  
 Her proud head she will have to bow,  
 And in white sheet do penance now!

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her?

BESSY.

Not he!  
 He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad  
 Like him can roam o'er land and sea,  
 Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad!  
 Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;  
 And then we girls would plague her too,  
 For we chopp'd straw before her door would  
 strew! (Exit.)

MARGARET (*walking toward home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,  
 If a poor maiden went astray!  
 Not words enough my tongue could find,  
 'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind;  
 Black as it seemed, I blacken'd it still more,  
 And strove to make it blacker than before.



And did myself securely bless—  
 Now my own trespass doth appear !  
 Yet ah !—what urg'd me to transgress,  
 Sweet Heaven, it was so good ! so dear !

---

ZWINGER. *Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate. In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.*

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,  
 Stoop thy maternal brow,  
 And mark with pitying eye my misery !

The sword in thy pierced heart,  
 Thou dost with bitter smart,  
 Gaze upward on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,  
 Ascends thy piteous sigh,  
 Pleading for his and thy sore misery.

Ah, who can know  
 The torturing woe,  
 The pangs that rack me to the bone ?  
 How my poor heart, without relief,  
 Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief  
 Thou knowest, thou alone !

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,  
 With woe, with woe, with woe,  
 My anguish'd breast is aching !  
 When all alone I creep,  
 I weep, I weep, I weep,  
 Alas ! my heart is breaking !

The flower-pots at my window  
 Were wet with tears of mine,  
 The while I pluck'd these blossoms,  
 At dawn to deck thy shrine !

When early in my chamber  
 Shone bright the rising morn,  
 I sat there on my pallet,  
 My heart with anguish torn.

Help ! from disgrace and death deliver me !  
 Ah ! rich in sorrow, thou,  
 Stoop thy maternal brow,  
 And mark with pitying eye my misery !

---

*Night. Street before MARGARET'S door.*

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET'S brother*).

When seated 'mong the jovial crowd  
 Where merry comrades, boasting loud,  
 Each named with pride his favorite lass,  
 And in her honor drain'd his glass ;  
 Upon my elbows I would lean,  
 With easy quiet view the scene,  
 Nor give my tongue the rein, until  
 Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.  
 Then smiling I my beard would stroke,  
 The while, with brimming glass, I spoke ;  
 " Each to his taste !—but to my mind,  
 Where in the country will you find  
 A maid as my dear Gretchen fair,  
 Who with my sister can compare ?"  
 Cling ! clang ! so rang the jovial sound !  
 Shout of assent went circling round ;  
 Pride of her sex is she !—cried some ;  
 Then were the noisy boasters dumb.

And now !—I could tear out my hair,  
 Or dash my brains out in despair !—  
 Me every scurvy knave may twit,  
 With stinging jest and taunting sneer !  
 Like skulking debtor I must sit,  
 And sweat each casual word to hear !  
 And though I smash'd them one and all,—  
 Yet them I could not liars call.

Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?  
 If I mistake not, two draw near.  
 If he be one, have at him ;—well I wot  
 Alive he shall not leave this spot !

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night,  
 Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,  
 While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,  
 As gathering darkness doth around it close !  
 So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein,  
 That up fire-ladders tall and steep,  
 And round the walls doth slyly creep ;  
 Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,  
 A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.  
 Thus through my limbs already there doth bound  
 The glorious Walpurgis-night !  
 After to-morrow it again comes round,  
 What one doth wake for, then one knows aright !

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimmering  
 there,  
 Is it the treasure rising in the air ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long, I make no doubt, but you  
To raise the chest will feel inclined ;  
Erewhile I peep'd within it too ;  
With lion-dollars 'tis well lined.

FAUST.

And not a trinket ? not a ring ?  
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,  
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well ! I'm always loath to go,  
Without some gift my love to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasure gratis to enjoy,  
Should surely cause you no annoy.  
While bright with stars the heavens appear,  
I'll sing a masterpiece of art :  
A moral song shall charm her ear,  
More surely to beguile her heart.

*(Sings to the guitar.)*

Kathrina say,  
Why lingering stay  
At dawn of day  
Before your lover's door ?  
Maiden, beware,  
Nor enter there,  
Lest forth you fare,  
A maiden nevermore.

Maiden, take heed !  
 Reck well my rede !  
 Is't done, the deed ?  
 Good-night, you poor, poor thing !  
 The spoiler's lies,  
 His arts despise,  
 Nor yield your prize,  
 Without the marriage ring !

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here ? I'll give it you !  
 Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end !  
 First, to the devil the guitar I'll send !  
 Then to the devil with the singer too !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar ! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Doctor, stand fast ! your strength collect !  
 Be prompt, and do as I direct.  
 Out with your whisk ! keep close, I pray,  
 I'll parry ! do you thrust away !

VALENTINE.

Then parry that !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not ?

VALENTINE.

That too !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease !

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you !  
Why how is this ? my hand's already lamed !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home !

VALENTINE (*falls*).  
Alas !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There ! Now the lubber's tamed !  
But quick, away ! We must at once take wing ;  
A cry of murder strikes upon the ear ;  
With the police I know my course to steer,  
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without ! without !

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light !

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight !

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead !

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers ? are they fled ?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here ?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God ! I am undone !

## VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,  
 And sooner done the deed.  
 Why, women, do ye howl and wail?  
 To my last words give heed!

*(All gather round him.)*

Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,  
 And, well I wot, not over sage,  
 Thou dost thy matters ill;  
 Let this in confidence be said:  
 Since thou the path of shame dost tread,  
 Tread it with right good will!

## MARGARET.

My brother! God! what can this mean?

## VALENTINE.

Abstain,  
 Nor dare God's holy name profane!  
 What's done, alas, is done and past!  
 Matters will take their course at last;  
 By stealth thou dost begin with one,  
 Others will follow him anon;  
 And when a dozen thee have known,  
 Thou'lt common be to all the town.  
 When infamy is newly born,  
 In secret she is brought to light,  
 And the mysterious veil of night  
 O'er head and ears is drawn;  
 The loathsome birth men fain would slay;  
 But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,  
 And though not fairer to behold,  
 With brazen front insults the day:  
 The more abhorrent to the sight,  
 The more she courts the day's pure light.

The time already I discern,  
 When thee all honest folk will spurn,  
 And shun thy hated form to meet,  
 As when a corpse infects the street.  
 Thy heart will sink in blank despair,  
 When they shall look thee in the face !  
 A golden chain no more thou'lt wear—  
 Nor near the altar take in church thy place—  
 In fair lace collar simply dight  
 Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light—  
 In darksome corners thou wilt bide,  
 Where beggars vile and cripples hide—  
 And e'en though God thy crime forgive,  
 On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live !

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend ;  
 Your dying breath in slander will you spend ?

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,  
 Thou wretched beldame, void of shame !  
 Full measure I might hope to win  
 Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother ! what agonizing pain !

VALENTINE.

I tell thee ! from vain tears abstain !  
 'Twas thy dishonor pierced my heart ;  
 Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.  
 Through the death-sleep I now depart  
 To God, a soldier true and brave. (Dies.)



*Cathedral. Service, Organ, and Anthem.* MARGARET *among a number of people.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind MARGARET.*

## EVIL SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,  
 When thou, still full of innocence,  
 Here to the altar camest,  
 And from the small and well-conn'd book  
 Didst lisp thy prayer,  
 Half childish sport,  
 Half God in thy young heart !  
 Gretchen !  
 What thoughts are thine ?  
 What deed of shame  
 Lurks in thy sinful heart ?

Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,  
 Who into long, long torment slept through thee ?  
 Whose blood is on thy threshold ?  
 —And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart  
 Another quick'ning pulse, that even now  
 Tortures itself and thee  
 With its foreboding presence ?

## MARGARET.

Woe ! Woe !  
 Oh could I free me from the thoughts  
 That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,  
 Against my will !

## CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,  
 Solvet sæclum in favilla.  
 (*The organ sounds.*)

## EVIL SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee !  
 The trumpet sounds !  
 The graves are shaken !  
 And thy heart  
 From ashy rest  
 For torturing flames  
 Anew created,  
 Trembles into life !

## MARGARET.

Would I were hence !  
 It is as if the organ  
 Choked my breath,  
 As if the choir  
 Melted my inmost heart !

## CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
 Quidquid latet adparebit,  
 Nil inultum remanebit.

## MARGARET.

I feel oppressed !  
 The pillars of the wall  
 Imprison me !  
 The vaulted roof  
 Weighs down upon me !—air !

## EVIL SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee ? sin and shame  
 Remain not hidden !  
 Air ! light !  
 Woe's thee !

## CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?  
Quem patronum rogaturus !  
Cum vix justus sit securus.

## EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified their faces turn  
Away from thee !  
Shudder the pure to reach  
Their hands to thee !  
Woe !

## CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

## MARGARET.

Neighbor ! your smelling bottle !  
(*She swoons away.*)

## WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

*The Hartz Mountains. District of Schierke and  
Elend.* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire ?  
The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,  
By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught re-  
quire,  
Except this knotty staff. Beside,  
What boots it to abridge a pleasant way ?  
Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,  
Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,  
Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap :  
Such is the joy that seasons paths like these !  
Spring weaves already in the birchen trees ;  
E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening  
powers ;  
Should she not work within these limbs of ours ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know !  
Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow  
I should prefer my dismal path to bound.  
How sadly, yonder, with belated glow  
Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,  
Shedding so faint a light at every tread  
One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree !  
An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead.

Yonder one burning merrily, I see.  
 Holla ! my friend, may I request your light ?  
 Why should you flare away so uselessly ?  
 Be kind enough to show us up the height !

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence, I hope I may subdue  
 The lightness of my nature ; true,  
 Our course is but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho ! ho !

So man, forsooth, he thinks to imitate !  
 Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight,  
 Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow !

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite ;  
 To do your will, I'll cordially essay ;  
 Only reflect ! The hill is magic-mad to night ;  
 And if to show the path you choose a meteor's  
     light,  
 You must not wonder should we go astray.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS (*in  
 alternate song*).

Through this dream and magic-sphere,  
 Lead us on, thou flickering guide.  
 Pilot well our bold career !  
 That we may with onward stride  
 Gain yon vast and desert waste !

See how tree on tree with haste  
 Rush amain, the granite blocks  
 Make obeisance as they go !  
 Hark ! the grim, long-snouted rocks,  
 How they snort, and how they blow !

Brook and brooklet hurrying flow  
 Through the turf and stones along ;  
 Hark, the rustling ! Hark, the song !  
 Harken to love's plaintive lays ;  
 Voices of those heavenly days—  
 What we hope, and what we love !  
 Like the song of olden time,  
 Echo's voice repeats the chime.

To-whit ! To-who ! It sounds more near ;  
 Pewit, owl, and jay appear,  
 All awake, around, above !  
 Paunchy salamanders too  
 Crawl, long-limbed, the bushes through !

And, like snakes, the roots of trees  
 Coil themselves from rock and sand,  
 Stretching many a wondrous band,  
 Us to frighten, us to seize ;  
 From rude knots with life imbued,  
 Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,  
 To snare the wanderer ! 'Neath our tread,  
 Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,  
 Through the heath and through the moss !  
 And the fire-flies' glittering throng,  
 Wildering escort, whirls along,  
 Here and there, our path across.

Tell me, stand we motionless,  
 Or still forward do we press ?  
 All things round us whirl and fly,  
 Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,  
 Dazzling meteors change their places,  
 How they puff and multiply !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now grasp my doublet—we at last  
 Have reached a central precipice,

Whence we a wondering glance may cast,  
How Mammon lights the dark abyss.

FAUST.

How through the chasms strangely gleams  
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,  
Pervading with its quivering beams,  
The gorges of the gulf below !  
There vapors rise, there clouds float by,  
And here through mist the splendor shines .  
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high,  
Now glideth on in slender lines ;  
Far-reaching, with a hundred veins,  
Through the far valley see it glide,  
Here, where the gorge the flood restrains,  
At once it scatters far and wide ;  
Anear, like showers of golden sand  
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light :  
And mark yon rocky walls that stand  
Ablaze, in all their towering height !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sir Mammon for this festival,  
Grandly illumes his palace hall !  
To see it was a lucky chance ;  
E'en now the boist'rous guests advance.

FAUST.

How the fierce tempest sweeps around !  
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,  
Else it will hurl you down to yon abyss profound.  
A murky vapor thickens night.  
Hark ! Through the woods the tempests roar !

The owlets flit in wild affright.  
 Split are the columns that upbore  
 The leafy palace, green for aye :  
 The shivered branches whirr and sigh,  
 Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,  
 The roots, upriven, creak and moan !  
 In fearful and entangled fall,  
 One crashing ruin whelms them all,  
 While through the desolate abyss,  
 Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,  
 The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss !  
 Hear'st thou voices sounding clear,  
 Distant now and now more near ?  
 Hark ! the mountain ridge along,  
 Streameth a raving magic-song !

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,  
 The stubble is yellow, the corn is green ;  
 Thither the gathering legions fly,  
 And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen :  
 O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,  
 Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now ;  
 She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honor to her, to whom honor is due !  
 Forward, Dame Baubo ! Honor to you !  
 A goodly sow and mother thereon,  
 The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come ?



VOICE.

O'er Ilsenstein !  
 There I peep'd in an owl's nest.  
 With her broad eye she gazed in mine !

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest !  
 Why ride so hard ?

VOICE.

She has graz'd my side,  
 Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide !

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long ;  
 What mad pursuit ! What tumult wild !  
 Scratches the besom and sticks the prong ;  
 Crush'd is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumber'd snail we creep ;  
 While far ahead the women keep,  
 For when to the devil's house we speed,  
 By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely do we view it ;—  
 They with a thousand steps may do it ;  
 But let them hasten as they can,  
 With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man.

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee !  
 We wash, and free from all stain are we,  
 Yet barren evermore must be !

## BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,  
 The pensive moon her light doth veil ;  
 And whirling on, the magic choir,  
 Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

VOICE (*from below*).

Stay ! stay !

VOICE (*from above*).

What voice of woe  
 Calls from the cavern'd depths below ?

VOICE (*from below*).

Take me with you ! Oh take me too !  
 Three centuries I climb in vain,  
 And yet can ne'er the summit gain !  
 To be with my kindred I am fain.

## BOTH CHORUSES.

Broom and pitch-fork, goat and prong,  
 Mounted on these we whirl along ;  
 Who vainly strives to climb to-night,  
 Is evermore a luckless wight !

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hobble after, many a day ;  
 Already the others are far away !  
 No rest at home can I obtain—  
 Here too my efforts are in vain !

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Salve gives the witches strength to rise ;  
 A rag for a sail does well enough ;  
 A goodly ship is every trough ;  
 To-night who flies not, never flies.

## BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the topmost peak we round,  
 Then alight ye on the ground ;  
 The heath's wide regions cover ye  
 With your mad swarms of witchery !  
*(They let themselves down.)*

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter !  
 They whisper, babble, twirl, and splutter !  
 They glimmer, sparkle, stink, and flare—  
 A true witch-element ! Beware !  
 Stick close ! else we shall severed be.  
 Where art thou ?

FAUST *(in the distance)*.

Here !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already, whirl'd so far away !  
 The master then indeed I needs must play.  
 Give ground ! Squire Voland comes ! Sweet folk,  
     give ground !  
 Here, doctor, grasp me ! With a single bound  
 Let us escape this ceaseless jar ;  
 Even for me too mad these people are.  
 Hard by there shineth something with peculiar  
     glare,  
 Yon brake allureth me ; it is not far ;  
 Come, come along with me ! we'll slip in there.

## FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction ! Lead ! I'll follow  
     straight !  
 'Twas wisely done, however, to repair  
 One May-night to the Brocken, and when there,  
 By our own choice ourselves to isolate !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark, of those flames the motley glare !  
 A merry club assembles there.  
 In a small circle one is not alone.

## FAUST.

I'd rather be above, though, I must own !  
 Already fire and eddying smoke I view ;  
 The impetuous millions to the devil ride ;  
 Full many a riddle will be there untied.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay ! and full many a one be tied anew.  
 But let the great world rave and riot !  
 Here we will house ourselves in quiet.  
 A custom 'tis of ancient date,  
 Our lesser worlds within the great world to create !  
 Young witches there I see, naked and bare,  
 And old ones, veil'd more prudently.  
 For my sake only courteous be !  
 The trouble's small, the sport is rare.  
 Of instruments I hear the cursed din—  
 One must get used to it. Come in ! come in !  
 There's now no help for it. I'll step before,  
 And introducing you as my good friend,  
 Confer on you one obligation more.  
 How say you now ? 'Tis no such paltry room ;  
 Why only look, you scarce can see the end.  
 A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom ;  
 They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and  
 drink :  
 Where could we find aught better, do you think ?

## FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here  
 As devil or as wizard to appear ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,  
 Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.  
 No garter have I to distinguish me,  
 Nathless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.  
 Seest thou yonder snail? Crawling this way she  
 hies ;

With searching feelers, she, no doubt,  
 Hath me already scented out ;  
 Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise.  
 From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,  
 The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.

*(To a party seated round some expiring embers.)*

Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here ?  
 Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,  
 Girt round with noise and youthful riot ;  
 At home one surely has enough of quiet.

## GENERAL.

In nations put his trust, who may,  
 Whate'er for them one may have done ;  
 The people are like women, they  
 Honor your rising stars alone !

## MINISTER.

Too far from truth and right they wander now ;  
 I must extol the good old ways,  
 For truly when all spoke our praise,  
 Then was the golden age, I trow.

## PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,  
 And what we ought not, that we did of old ;  
 Yet now are all things turning round,  
 Just when we most desire them fast to hold.

## AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care  
 To read, of even moderate sense ?  
 As for the rising generation, ne'er  
 Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing very old*).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,  
 That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees ;  
 And just because my cask begins to fail,  
 So the whole world is also on the lees.

## HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,  
 Of wares I have a choice collection :  
 Pray honor them with your inspection.  
 Lose not this opportunity !  
 No fellow to my booth you'll find  
 On earth, for 'mong my store there's naught,  
 Which to the world, and to mankind,  
 Hath not some direful mischief wrought.  
 No dagger here, which hath not flow'd with blood,  
 No bowl, which hath not poured into some  
     healthy frame  
 Hot poison's life-consuming flood,  
 No trinket, but hath wrought some woman's  
     shame,  
 No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,  
 Or from behind hath stabb'd an enemy.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip ! For wares like these the time's gone by.  
 What's done is past ! what's past is done !  
 With novelties your booth supply ;  
 Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare !  
This may in truth be called a fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng ;  
Thinking to push, thyself art push'd along.

FAUST.

Who's that, pray ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well ! That's Liliith.

FAUST.

Who ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware !  
That charm in which she's parallel'd by few ;  
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,  
He will not soon escape, I promise you.

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young ;  
Already they have bravely danced and sprung !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.  
Another dance begins ; we'll join it, come away !

FAUST (*dancing with the young one*).

Once a fair vision came to me ;  
Therein I saw an apple-tree,  
Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes ;  
I climb'd forthwith to reach the prize.

## THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,  
 From paradise it hath been so.  
 Feelings of joy my breast inspire  
 That such too in my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*).

Once a weird vision came to me ;  
 Therein I saw a rifted tree.  
 It had a . . . . . ;  
 But as it was it pleased me too.

## THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute  
 The gallant with the cloven foot !  
 Let him a . . . have ready here,  
 If he a . . . does not fear.

## PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed mob ! How dare ye thus to meet !  
 Have I not shown and demonstrated too,  
 That ghosts stands not on ordinary feet ?  
 Yet here ye dance, as other mortals do !

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here ?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh ! He must everywhere appear.  
 He must adjudge, when others dance ;  
 If on each step his say's not said,  
 So is that step as good as never made.  
 He's most annoyed, so soon as we advance ;  
 If ye would circle in one narrow round,  
 As he in his old mill, then doubtless he  
 Your dancing would approve,—especially  
 If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound !





MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did ! One must not be too nice :  
'Twas well it was not gray, let that suffice.  
Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares ?

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there  
Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair ?  
Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears,  
And seems with shackled feet to move along ;  
I own, within me the delusion's strong,  
That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her ! 'Tis not good ! Forbear !  
'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air,  
An idol. Such to meet with, bodes no good ;  
That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,  
And well-nigh petrifies his heart to stone :—  
The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily ! a corpse's eyes are those,  
Which there was no fond loving hand to close.  
That is the bosom I so fondly press'd,  
That my sweet Gretchen's form, so oft caress'd !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool ! 'Tis magic, I declare !  
To each she doth his lov'd one's image wear.

FAUST.

What bliss ! what torture ! vainly I essay  
To turn me from that piteous look away.  
How strangely doth a single crimson line  
Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,  
It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege  
That she beneath her arm her head can bear,  
Since Perseus cut it off.—But you I swear  
Are craving for illusion still !  
Come then, ascend yon little hill !  
As on the Prater all is gay,  
And if my senses are not gone,  
I see a theatre,—what's going on ?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence ;—the play  
Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new—  
'Tis usual here that number to present—  
A dilettante will enact it too.  
Excuse me, gentlemen ; to me's assign'd  
As dilettante to uplift the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,  
That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM ;  
OR,  
OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN  
WEDDING-FEAST

---

INTERMEZZO.

---

*Theatre.*

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play,  
To ancient hill succeeding,—  
These our scenes ;—so we, to day,  
May rest, brave sons of Mieding.

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,  
Must fifty years be ended ;  
More dear this feast of gold to me,  
Contention now suspended.

OBERON.

Spirits, are ye hovering near,  
Show yourselves around us !  
King and queen behold ye here,  
Love hath newly bound us.

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about,  
In mazy circles dancing !  
Hundreds swell his joyous shout,  
Behind him still advancing.

## ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,  
 His lyre celestial stringing.—  
 Fools he lureth, and the fair,  
 With his celestial singing.

## OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,  
 We court your imitation :  
 Would ye fondly love as we,  
 We counsel separation.

## TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,  
 Then bear them far asunder ;  
 Her to the burning south transport,  
 And him the North Pole under.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite  
 With frog and chirping cricket,  
 Our orchestra throughout the night,  
 Resounding in the thicket !

*(Solo.)*

Yonder doth the bagpipe come !  
 Its sack an airy bubble.  
 Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,  
 Its notes it doth redouble.

## EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,  
 A toad in form and feature ;  
 Together verses it can string,  
 Though scarce a living creature.

## A LITTLE PAIR.

Tiny step and lofty bound,  
 Through dew and exhalation ;  
 Ye trip it deftly on the ground,  
 But gain no elevation.

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Can I indeed believe my eyes ?  
 Is't not mere masquerading ?  
 What ! Oberon in beauteous guise,  
 Among the groups parading !

## ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,  
 To fright us at our revel ;—  
 Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,  
 He too's a genuine devil.

## NORTHERN ARTIST.,

These that I'm hitting off to-day  
 Are sketches unpretending ;  
 Toward Italy without delay,  
 My steps I think of bending.

## PURIST.

Alas ! ill-fortune leads me here,  
 Where riot still grows louder ;  
 And 'mong the witches gather'd here,  
 But two alone wear powder !

## YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat,  
 Suit hags, there's no gainsaying ;  
 Hence I sit fearless on my goat,  
 My naked charms displaying.

## MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,  
 Or insult back to render ;  
 But may you wither soon, my dear,  
 Although so young and tender.

## LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,  
 Throng not the naked beauty !  
 Frogs and crickets in the mosses,  
 Keep time and do your duty !

WEATHERCOCK (*toward one side*).

What charming company I view  
 Together here collected !  
 Gay bachelors, a hopeful crew,  
 And brides so unaffected !

WEATHERCOCK (*toward the other side*).

Unless indeed the yawning ground  
 Should open to receive them,  
 From this vile crew, with sudden bound,  
 To Hell I'd jump and leave them.

## XENIEN.

With small sharp shears, in insect guise,  
 Behold us at your revel !  
 That we may tender, filial-wise,  
 Our homage to the devil.

## HENNINGS.

Look now at yonder eager crew,  
 How naïvely they're jesting !  
 That they have tender hearts and true,  
 They stoutly keep protesting !

## MUSAGET.

Oneself amid this witchery  
 How pleasantly one loses ;  
 For witches easier are to me  
 To govern than the Muses !

## CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper folks when we appear,  
 No one can then surpass us !  
 Keep close, wide is the Blocksberg here  
 As Germany's Parnassus.

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye that stiff formal man,  
 Who strides with lofty paces ?  
 He tracks the game where'er he can,  
 " He scents the Jesuits' traces."

## CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,  
 To fish I am delighted ;  
 Thus pious gentlemen appear  
 With devils here united.

## WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,  
 No medium is rejected ;  
 Conventicles, and not a few,  
 On Blocksberg are erected.

## DANCER.

Another choir is drawing nigh,  
 Far off the drums are beating.  
 Be still ! 'tis but the bittern's cry,  
 Its changeless note repeating.



## DANCING MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops,  
 And as he can advances.  
 The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,  
 Nor careth how he dances.

## FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,  
 Would cordially delight them !  
 As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now  
 The bagpipe doth unite them.

## DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer,  
 I hold with stout persistence,  
 Inferring from the devils here,  
 The evil one's existence.

## IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy  
 With sway quite too potential ;  
 Sure I'm demented if the *I*  
 Alone is the essential.

## REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,  
 And cannot choose but vex me ;  
 The ground beneath me ne'er before  
 Thus totter'd to perplex me.

## SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view  
 Of spirits this profusion ;  
 From devils, touching angels too,  
 I gather some conclusion.

## SCEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,  
 And think they're near the treasure.  
 Devil alliterates with doubt,  
 Here I abide with pleasure.

## LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses,—  
 Confound your gasconading !  
 Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis ;—  
 Most tuneful serenading !

## THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,  
 Their jovial humor showing ;  
 There's now no walking on our feet,  
 So on our heads we're going.

## THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatch'd, 'tis true,  
 Some tit-bits by our cunning ;  
 Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,  
 On our bare soles we're running.

## WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light,  
 Yet here behold us dancing ;  
 The gayest gallants of the night,  
 In glitt'ring rows advancing.

## SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,  
 I shot in starry splendor ;  
 Now prostrate on the grass I lie ;—  
 Who aid will kindly render ?

## THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room ! wheel round ! They're coming ! lo !  
 Down sink the bending grasses.  
 Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know,  
 Are huge substantial masses.

## PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray ;  
 Like elephants you're treading !  
 And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,  
 The stoutest at the wedding !

## ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,  
 Endow your soul with pinions ;—  
 Then follow to yon rosy height,  
 Through ether's calm dominions !

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreaths  
 Are filled with light elysian ;  
 O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—  
 So fades the fairy vision !

---

*A gloomy Day. A Plain.* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

## FAUST.

In misery ! despairing ! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprisoned ! This gentle hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures ! That it should come to this ! To this !—Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me !—Stand !—ay, stand ! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes ! Stand

and brave me with thine insupportable presence !  
Imprisoned ! In hopeless misery ! Delivered  
over to the power of evil spirits and the judg-  
ment of unpitied humanity !—And me, the  
while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations,  
concealing from me her growing anguish, and  
leaving her to perish without help !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound ! Execrable monster !—Back with him,  
oh thou infinite spirit ! back with the reptile into  
his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to  
scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the  
feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on  
his shoulders when he fell ! Change him again  
into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his  
belly before me in the dust, while I spurn him  
with my foot, the reprobate !—Not the first !—  
Woe ! Woe ! By no human soul is it conceiva-  
ble, that more than one human creature has ever  
sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or  
that the first in her writhing death-agony, should  
not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning  
Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest ! The misery  
of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and  
harrows up my soul ; thou art grinning calmly  
over the doom of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just  
where the reason of you mortals snaps ! Why dost  
thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go  
through with it ? Wilt fly, and art not proof

against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her!—or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avengers, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place

where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do,—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch. The magic steeds are waiting I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST.

Up and away!

---

*Night. Open country. FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

On ! On !

—  
*Dungeon.*

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls ;  
 Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here !  
 She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls ;  
 Her only trespass a delusion dear !  
 Thou lingerest at the fatal door ?  
 Thou dread'st to see her face once more ?  
 On ! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour  
 near. (*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,  
 She took me and slew !  
 My father, the scoundrel,  
 Hath eaten me too !  
 My sweet little sister  
 Hath all my bones laid,  
 Where soft breezes whisper  
 All in the cool shade !

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the  
 spray,

Fly away ! little bird, fly away ! fly away !

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

Ah ! she forebodes not that her lover's near,  
 The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.  
(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*).  
 Woe ! woe ! they come ! oh bitter 'tis to die !

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush ! hush ! be still ! I come to set thee free !

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).  
If thou art human, feel my misery !

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry !  
(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power  
O'er me could give ?  
Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.  
Be merciful, and let me live !  
Is morrow's dawn not time enough ?  
(*She stands up.*)

I'm still so young, so young—  
And must so early die !  
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.  
My love is now afar, he then was nigh ;  
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.  
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude !  
Spare me ! What harm have I e'er done to thee ?  
Oh let me not in vain implore !  
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before !

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony ?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.  
Let me my babe but suckle once again !  
I fondled it the live-long night ;  
They took it from me but to give me pain,  
And now, they say that I my child have slain.  
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.  
Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wicked of  
the throng—



An ancient ballad endeth so ;  
Who bade them thus apply the song ?

FAUST (*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,  
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer !  
Look ! look ! yon stairs below,  
Under the threshold there,  
Hell's flames are all aglow !  
Beneath the floor,  
With hideous noise,  
The devils roar !

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen ! Gretchen !

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my lov'd one's voice !

(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)

Where is he ? I heard him calling me.  
Free am I ! There's none shall hinder me.  
To his neck will I fly,  
On his bosom will lie !  
Gretchen, he called !—On yon threshold he stood ;  
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,  
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,  
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST.

'Tis I !

MARGARET.

'Tis thou ! O say so once again !

(*Embracing him.*)

'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! where's now the torturing  
pain ?

Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's  
gloom?

'Tis thou! to save me thou art come!

And I am sav'd!—

Already now the street I see

Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.

There too the pleasant garden shade,

Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST (*endeavoring to lead her away*).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh do not haste!

I love to linger where thou stayest.

(*Caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Ah haste! For if thou still delayest,

Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!

So short a time away from me, and yet,

To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!

Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—

When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss

From thy dear looks and words would o'er me  
steal?

As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!—

Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee!

(*She embraces him.*)

Woe! woe! thy lips are cold,—

Are dumb!

Thy love where hast thou left?

Who hath me of thy love bereft?

(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come ! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold !  
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold ;  
I but entreat thee now to follow me !

MARGARET (*turning toward him*).

And art thou he ? and art thou really he ?

FAUST.

'Tis I ! Oh come !

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,  
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.  
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from  
me ?—  
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst  
set free ?

FAUST.

Come ! come ! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,  
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.  
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too ?  
'Tis thou thyself ! I scarce believe it yet.  
Give me thy hand ! It is no dream ! 'Tis true !  
Thine own dear hand !—But how is this ? 'Tis  
wet !  
Quick, wipe it off ! Meseems that yet  
There's blood thereon.  
Ah God ! what hast thou done ?  
Put up thy sword,  
I beg of thee !

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be !  
Death is in every word.

## MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow !  
 The graves I will describe to thee,  
 And thou to them must see  
 To-morrow :  
 The best place give to my mother,  
 Close at her side my brother,  
 Me at some distance lay—  
 But not too far away !  
 And the little one place on my right breast.  
 Nobody else will near me lie !  
 To nestle beside thee so lovingly,  
 That was a rapture, gracious and sweet !  
 A rapture I never again shall prove ;  
 Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,  
 And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—  
 Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

## FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me !

## MARGARET.

What, there ? without ?

## FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

## MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—If death lurk there !  
 Hence to the everlasting resting place,  
 And not one step beyond !—Thou'rt leaving me ?  
 Oh Henry ! would that I could go with thee !

## FAUST.

Thou canst ! But will it ! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go ! I've naught to hope for more.  
 What boots it to escape ? They lurk for me !  
 'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,  
 And with an evil conscience thereto !  
 'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray ;  
 And me they will catch, do what I may !

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick ! Quick !  
 Save thy poor child !  
 Keep to the path  
 The brook along,  
 Over the bridge  
 To the wood beyond,  
 To the left, where the plank is,  
 In the pond.  
 Seize it at once !  
 It fain would rise,  
 It struggles still !  
 Save it. Oh save

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be !  
 One little step, and thou art free !

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill !  
 There sits my mother upon a stone—  
 My brain, alas, is cold with dread !—  
 There sits my mother upon a stone,  
 And to and fro she shakes her head :

She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops  
 sore ;  
 She slept so long, she waked no more ;  
 She slept, that we might taste of bliss :  
 Ah ! those were happy times, I wis !

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,  
 Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me ! I will not suffer violence !  
 With murderous hand hold not so fast !  
 I have done all to please thee in the past !

FAUST.

Day dawns ! My love ! My love !

MARGARET.

Yes ! day draws near.  
 The day of judgment too will soon appear !  
 It should have been my bridal ! No one tell,  
 That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too  
 well.

Woe to my garland !  
 Its bloom is o'er !  
 Though not at the dance—  
 We shall meet once more.  
 The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls ;  
 The squares, the streets,  
 Scarce hold the throng.  
 The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—  
 They bind and seize me ! I'm hurried along,  
 To the seat of blood already I'm bound !  
 Quivers each neck as the naked steel  
 Quivers on mine the blow to deal—  
 The silence of the grave now broods around !

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up ! or you're lost.

Vain hesitation ! Babbling, quaking !

My steeds are shivering,

Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost ?

'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! Him from my presence  
chase !

What would he in this holy place ?

It is for me he cometh !

FAUST.

Thou shalt live !

MARGARET.

Judgment of God ! To thee my soul I give !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come ! come ! I'll leave thee else to share her  
doom !

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine ! Save me ! To thee I come !

Ye angels ! Ye angelic host ! descend,

Encamp around to guard me and defend !—

Henry ! I shudder now to look on thee !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged !

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come thou with me !

(*Vanishes with FAUST.*)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry ! Henry !



COMMENT  
ON THE  
TRAGEDY OF FAUST.



COMMENT  
ON THE  
TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

---

GOETHE'S "Faust" has been likened by Kuno Fischer to Dante's poem of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; sprung, as he says, from the innermost genius of the Italian people, this poem, transcending its national limits, may be regarded as the poetical reflex of the middle ages. Goethe's "Faust" bears a similar relation to the genius of the German people; giving complete expression to their innermost characteristics, it has become their "Divina Commedia."

Genuine poetical material, he adds, is not artificially produced; it obeys the laws of living organisms, is transmitted from generation to generation, and bears the impress of each succeeding age; thus the Faust-legend had lived in the spirit of the German people for two hundred years before its adoption by Goethe. A light sketch of its history may throw light upon his poem in which it has found its latest development.

The Faust-legend was a continuation of the Magus-legend, which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of nature; in accordance with this conception, philosophers, who penetrated more deeply than ordinary mortals into the mysteries of nature, were believed to

be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration, as wonder-workers or magi.

With the advent of Christianity, the divinities of the ancient world were transformed into demons, and became associated in the popular imagination with Satan ; hence, under its influence, magic became invested with a diabolical character and was reprobated as a league with the powers of evil ; at the same time the church, being more potent than hell, could, it was supposed, offer an infallible antidote to its machinations. This power was forfeited at the Reformation, when the Pope, in accordance with the Protestantism of the age, was regarded as Antichrist ; the church, divested of its sacred character, could no longer offer a refuge to the votary of magic, and hence the bond-slave of Satan, at the expiration of the appointed term, inevitably became his prey ; thus, in the sixteenth century a profoundly tragical character was impressed upon the mediæval legend, which was also modified by the Renaissance.

In the sixteenth century the Magus-legend became associated with Faust, who may be considered first as an historical, and then as a legendary personage, and finally as the hero of German popular literature. Magic, notwithstanding its supposed diabolical character, being held in high esteem in the sixteenth century, its votaries formed a numerous class, embracing men of every variety of culture, from students like Agrippa and Paracelsus down to the mountebank and quack. One of these individuals, in whose person the features of popular magic were strikingly exhibited, left behind him an enduring name which

became associated with the mediæval Magus-legend.

This individual was John Faust, the townsman and contemporary of Melancthon ; from 1516 to 1525 he resided with his friend the Abbot of Maulbronn, where the Faust-kitchen and Faust-tower still exist ; he subsequently appeared at Wittenberg, where he was earnestly exhorted by Melancthon on account of his magical arts ; escaping thence by flight, from impending imprisonment, he wandered through the world, and finally ended his life in a village of Würtemberg. While residing in Wittenberg he boasted that the defeat of the imperial army in Italy was the result of his magical arts ; the devil was said to have accompanied him in the form of a black hound.

To guard against misconception, it may be remarked that John Faust, the hero of the Magus-legend, has nothing in common with John Fust, the printer of Mainz, with whom, without any historical justification, he became subsequently identified.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century a variety of magical incidents gathered round the person of the popular favorite, who thus became transformed from an historical to a legendary personage. Among many examples, the following may be selected as having special interest with reference to Goethe's "Faust." In a work published by Lercheimer, a disciple of Melancthon, in 1585, he relates that, at the court of Heidelberg, a wandering and unnamed magician had wrought a notable miracle ; he had caused vines to spring from the table, and had commanded the guests severally to apply their knives

to the stalk of a grape-cluster, but not to cut till he should give the order ; he then left the room ; on his return each guest held under his knife, not a grape-cluster, but his own nose. A year later this story is related of Faust, without any indication of place. Subsequently it is amplified, and is transferred to a festival at Erfurt. The guests regret that Faust, who is then at Prague, is not among them ; he suddenly appears, transported by magic, is joyfully welcomed and liberally entertained ; wishing in turn to treat the company, he causes holes to be bored in the table, from which flows the noblest wine. In one of the oldest Faust-books, it is related that Faust had ridden out of the cellar on a wine-cask, which, till then, nobody had been able to move ; this incident was localized in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, where the picture of Faust's exit upon the wine-cask, bearing the date 1525, still exists. These various incidents, assigned by tradition to different localities — Heidelberg, Erfurt, Leipzig—Goethe combines into one scene, where however it is not Faust, but Mephistophiles, who plays the part of conjuror. The oldest Faust-book, of which many versions were subsequently published, appeared in Frankfort, 1587 ; it contains the crude materials of Goethe's "Faust ;" and is impressed with the various features of the mediæval legend ; the diabolic and the tragic, the grand and the burlesque.

The hero, a peasant's son, comes as a student to Wittenberg, where he surpasses all his companions ; he yearns for forbidden knowledge, buries himself in magical books, and places the Scriptures behind the door ; he dislikes the title of theologian and styles himself doctor of medi-

cine, astrologer, and mathematician. Notwithstanding its horror of magic, the pious popular book betrays also genuine admiration for the intellectual ardor of the Bible-contemning youth. "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." Then follows his compact with the devil: "In that hour," says the old Faust-book, "the godless man fell away from God, and this fall was nothing more than his own pride, despair, and temerity; it was with him as with the giants of whom the poets relate that they piled mountain upon mountain, and wished to make war against God." This allusion to the Titans, in the earliest Faust-book, offers another example of the influence exercised by the Renaissance over the intellectual life of the period. After residing eight years at Wittenberg, Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, makes the great tour, in the course of which they appear in Rome and Constantinople. At a students' banquet at Wittenberg he invokes the Grecian Helena, whom he marries, and who bears him a son. As the end approaches he is seized with remorse, and is overwhelmed with agony at the prospect of his inevitable doom. Mephistopheles, meanwhile, certain of his prey, derides his horror-stricken victim. Faust passes the last day of his life with his friends in a village near Wittenberg, where, amid the raging of the elements, his final doom is consummated. With his death Helena and her son disappear from the scene.

In the year 1590 the German Faust-book was translated into English, and almost immediately afterward appeared the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," by Marlowe, who, in accordance

with the genius of the age, has simply dramatized the popular legend, the tragical element of which is brought out with wonderful power in the closing scene. At a somewhat later date another version of the story was introduced upon the Spanish stage by Calderon de la Barca.

At this period the German theatre was dominated by a degenerate classical taste; French plays were preferred to those of native growth, and hence "Faust," though produced upon the German stage, did not hold its ground, but was degraded to a puppet-show play, the sight of which, in his childhood, so powerfully affected the imagination of Goethe. The ages, it has been truly said, are mirrored in their legends. A new age has now arrived, an age of spiritual new-birth; it looks with the eyes of Lessing into the Faust-legend, and a change passes over the features of the magician. That great critic opposed the prevailing taste for the artificial productions of the French school, and referred his countrymen to the grand works of original genius, more especially to the plays of Shakespeare. He called their attention also to the native dramas, which had been banished from the stage, and declared, with reference to the "Faust" drama, "it has many scenes which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived."

Lessing not only indicated "Faust" as a grand subject for dramatic treatment, he himself laid his hand to the work, which, however, he never completed; one scene of his drama alone remains. From the testimony of two of his friends, Blankenburg and Engel, we obtain, however, important information as to the main idea embodied in Lessing's "Faust."



In an ancient dome, at midnight, the devil had assembled the spirits of hell to a carnival, at which each relates his individual achievements ; one declares : " I have done nothing ; I have only conceived a thought more devilish than the deeds of the others ; I will rob God of his favorite, a youth devoted to the pursuit of truth, and for its sake renouncing every other passion." Satan exults in anticipation over the accomplishment of his design. Then a voice proclaims from on high : " Ye shall not prevail !"

These words indicate a new epoch in the development of the Faust-legend, which adapts itself, as formerly to the genius of the 16th, so now to that of the 18th century. The contempt for antiquated and worn-out forms, the craving for originality, the passionate thirst for higher knowledge, which characterized the new epoch, found their counterpart in the hero of the popular legend : " He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." How Lessing would have carried out his conception can never be known ; so far, however, is certain : Faust is to be saved ! The triumph of hell over such a spirit is only apparent ; a mind thirsting for truth is no prey for Satan. In order to bring the magician of the popular legend into harmony with the spirit of the age, the great magician of German literature must appear, to whom it was given to fashion men after his image. When Lessing directed attention to Faust, Goethe was in his tenth year ; a decade later, and the time approaches when the conception of Faust will begin to take possession of his soul.

It has been remarked by Mr. Lewes, " that

all Goethe's works are biographical ; are parts of his life, and expressions of the various experiences he underwent, and the various stages of culture he passed through."\* This is eminently true of "Faust," and hence it may be desirable, for its elucidation, to give a brief sketch of the poet's life.

The trite aphorism that "the child is the father of the man" has never perhaps had a more striking illustration than in Goethe ; and as in Faust we have an idealized portrait of the great poet, a cursory allusion to a few characteristics of his childhood may form a fitting prelude to the consideration of the poem.

Many of the most striking and apparently opposite tendencies of Goethe's nature, subsequently impersonated in the creations of his genius, manifested themselves almost in his infancy. Thus his innate love of the beautiful and disgust at its opposite displayed itself in his third year, when he was moved to tears by the sight of an ugly child. He tells us how, when a boy, he flew past the meat-stalls in perfect horror, while it was his special delight to promenade on the great bridge over the Main, where the beautiful river above and below the bridge attracted his eye, and the gilt weather-cock on the bridge-cross glittered in the sunshine.

To the student of Faust, who remembers the magnificent description of the sunset, in the first part, it is interesting to read of the boy's experience in the so-called garden-room, commanding a pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable

\* See also Goethe's Autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), vol. i. p. 240. (Bohn's ed.)

extent of neighbors' gardens. "There," he says, "I commonly learned my lessons, and watched the thunder-storms, and could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my window."

His dramatic proclivities, together with his marvellous creative faculty, also manifested themselves in early childhood. Never to be forgotten was the last Christmas gift of his grandmother, a puppet theatre, "whereby an imagined world of enchantment was opened to the four-year-old child;" he himself tells us how "the marionette fable of Faust murmured with many voices in his soul." We also learn from his autobiography how, when weary of the original drama to which the puppets had been specially adapted, other pieces were attempted with changed dresses and decorations; and how, when he and his companions had outgrown the puppets, his fancy and technical skill were exercised in making arrangements for the plays and tragedies in which they were themselves the performers. His precocious power of story-telling was also exercised for the delight of his companions, and the specimen which he gives of these boyish productions, in "The New Paris," exhibits the same blending of the real and the ideal which characterized his mature creations, and shows us how, "in accordance with the instincts of his nature, he learned to work up his visions and conceits into artistic forms."

In his sixth year his peace of mind was deeply disturbed by tidings of the Lisbon earthquake; God the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, in thus consigning the just and the unjust to the same destruction, had not manifested Him-

self, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions; he began to settle into a serious disbelief in the benignity of Providence. Gradually his doubts subsided; he listened in the family circle to discussions respecting the different religious sects, all of whom were animated by the same purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed possible under the forms of the established religion. He came to the thought that he also might immediately approach the great God of Nature, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had been long forgotten in the beauty of the world. The boy could ascribe no form to the Deity; he therefore sought him in his works, and resolved, in the good Old Testament fashion, to build him an altar. Natural productions were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, typifying the aspirations of man's heart toward his Maker. Ores and other natural productions were arranged on a music-stand, in the form of a four-sided pyramid; a fumigating pastille was placed on the apex; the sun glittered above the roofs, a burning glass was applied, "and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his chamber." We see here, in embryo, as it were, in the child's mind, the curious dualism which characterized the poet, and which found its most typical expression in his great master-work, "Faust." The reasoning, doubting, denying intellect finds there impersonation, as well as the heaven-aspiring soul. The tendency to symbolic mysticism, moreover, which has found such beautiful expression in the concluding scene of the second part

of "Faust," thus manifested itself in the worship of the seven-year-old child.

Faust's passionate thirst for knowledge, which sought gratification in all directions, and strove to unveil the hidden mysteries of nature, had also its prototype in the juvenile Goethe. For an account of the various modes in which he sought to gratify, what he has himself styled his voracious appetite for knowledge the reader is referred to the earlier pages of his autobiography. One example of this many-sided curiosity must suffice: an armed loadstone, sewed up in scarlet cloth, was, he tells us, destined one day to experience the effects of his spirit of investigation. The secret attractive force exercised by the instrument excited his wonder and admiration; desiring to arrive at some revelation of the mystery, he tore away the external covering; "the parts were scattered, and I lost," he says, "the wondrous phenomenon at the same time with the apparatus."

His susceptibility to the tender passion, which formed so striking a characteristic of his nature, and which so powerfully influenced his subsequent career, manifested itself even in his boyhood. He tells us how, before his fifteenth year, he experienced for the first time the joys and sorrows of love. The story of his intercourse with Gretchen, whose name he has immortalized in "Faust," is circumstantially related in his autobiography; the mental anguish, together with the physical prostration which followed the destruction of his romance, bear witness to the intensity of his feelings; I have no doubt that here, as in many subsequent episodes of his life, he has embodied some passages of his own experience in "Faust," where

situations and images appear which remind us of his intercourse with Gretchen.

Thus he tells us how her form, from the moment in which he first beheld her, followed him in every path ; as he could find no pretext to see her at home, he went to church for love of her, and there gazed his fill. "When the congregation left the church," he adds, "I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have returned my greeting with a nod." Surely we have here the germ of the scene in which Gretchen, on leaving the cathedral, is unceremoniously accosted by Faust. Moreover when, at length, Goethe visits Gretchen's home, she sits at the window spinning ; and the relation which subsequently sprang up between them—the maiden anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach—suggests what appears to him the most beautiful union between two human beings, when the maiden looks up to her lover as the creator of her spiritual existence ; which is precisely Gretchen's attitude toward Faust.

"At length the arrow, with its barbed hooks, was torn out of his heart, and the question then was how the inward sanative power of youth could be brought to his aid." He fled to the woods, and in the remotest depth of the forest sought out a solemn spot, where the noblest oaks and beeches formed a large, noble, shaded space. Here he gradually experienced the healing ministrations of nature ; and when the undefined feelings awakened by his sacred grove could no longer satisfy him, he found relief in his artistic proclivities, and copied from nature the various objects by which he was surrounded.

The wonderful susceptibility to the influences of nature, revealed in this experience of boyhood, formed one of the most striking characteristics of the man, and has also found expression in his great master-work. After the heart-rending emotions experienced by Faust in the prison-scene with Gretchen, at the end of the first part, he reappears in the opening scene of the second part with his lacerated spirits healed and harmonized by the soothing influences of nature, typified by Ariel and his elfin choir; and in the artistic realization of ideal beauty, he finds a worthy object for his renovated powers.

Having thus followed our poet through his childhood and boyhood, and having noticed some characteristics and experiences in their relation to "Faust," we must now follow him to Leipzig, whither he repaired, at the age of sixteen, to enter upon his college life.

At that time the influence of a degenerate French taste, against which Lessing had already uplifted his powerful voice, completely dominated the social and intellectual life of Leipzig. Gottsched, the pedantic upholder of French culture, characterized by Goethe as a respectable old grandfather, held a prominent position at the university; while the monotonous system of routine which there prevailed is described by Herman Grimm as a continuous vegetation hedged round by reverence.

It is not surprising that Goethe's earliest literary productions should bear the stamp of his uncongenial environment; his poetical career was inaugurated by a series of songs, in the prevailing French style, composed for music, and by the composition of his earliest extant drama, "Die

Laune des Verliebten" (translated under the title of "The Wayward Lover"). This drama was founded upon his relation with Anna Kathrina Schönkopf, the attractive daughter of his host and hostess, whose affections, according to his own account, he won and afterward forfeited by his own foolish jealousy and caprice. A second drama, "Die Mitschuldigen" ("The Fellow-Culprits"), was also sketched at this period; the experiences embodied in these two pieces furnish, however, no elements for "Faust;" the feature of his Leipzig residence which has there stamped itself with the greatest prominence is the dissatisfaction awakened by the college lectures on philosophy, logic, and jurisprudence.

"At first," he tells us, "I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully; but the philosophy would by no means enlighten me. In the logic, it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upward, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the Professor himself. . . . It was soon quite as bad with the law lectures; for I already knew just as much as the Professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralyzed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down once more that which I had repeated often enough to retain it forever in my memory." We have here the experience which subsequently embodied itself in the celebrated scene between Mephistopheles and the Student.

To this period must also be referred some ele-



ments in the portraiture of Faust himself. Goethe has informed us how, in preparing for his first communion, his religious aspirations had been paralyzed by the dry, spiritless routine to which he was subjected. "I received absolution," he says, "and withdrew neither warm nor cold ; and the next day accompanied my parents to the Table of the Lord." He then describes the powerful impression produced upon his imagination by the text, that one who unworthily partakes of the Sacrament, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself. Every fearful thing which he had read in the histories of the middle ages, and even in the Bible itself, about the judgments of God, formed itself into the most frightful combinations, and produced a painful hypochondriacal condition, which accompanied him to Leipzig. There, however, he became ashamed of his doubts, and at last, he says, "I completely left behind me this strange anguish of conscience, together with church and altar." "And thus, by degrees, the epoch approached when all authority was to vanish from before me, and I was to become suspicious—nay, to despair even, of the greatest and best individuals whom I had known or imagined." This fragment of his great confession finds an echo in some passages of "Faust."

We must not bid farewell to his Leipzig experiences without adverting to his art studies, which he there carried on with zeal and enthusiasm. He became the pupil of Oeser, the director of the Drawing Academy, who taught him that "The Ideal of Beauty is simplicity and repose." He studied the writings of Winckelmann and the "Laocoon" of Lessing. Alluding to the distinc-

tion there pointed out between plastic and speaking art (*Bildende und Redende Kunst*), he says: "All the consequences of this splendid thought were illumined to us as by a lightning flash." There was awakened within him an intense desire to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden; thither he repaired, and on entering the sanctuary, his astonishment surpassed every expectation he had formed. He had likewise the opportunity at Leipzig of examining many valuable art collections; "and so the university," he says, "where I neglected the ends both of my family and myself, was to ground me in that in which I afterward found the greatest satisfaction of my life."

Owing to a variety of causes his health gave way, and one summer night (1768) he awoke with a violent hæmorrhage. Medical assistance was called in; for many days he wavered between life and death, "and even the joy of convalescence was embittered by the discovery of a tumor which formed in the left side of his neck, and which troubled him for a considerable time." Thus with shattered health he left Leipzig in September, 1768, and returned to his native city. Among the remembrances which he carried with him from Leipzig, that of Auerbach's cellar, with its celebrated Faust-picture, must not be forgotten.

The domestic circumstances attending his return, his father's coldness, and impatience at the slowness of his recovery, together with the devoted affection of his sister, are mentioned in the autobiography. Of more interest, however, as bearing upon "Faust," was his intimacy with Susanna Katharina von Klettenberg, the central figure among his mother's pious friends, a woman

in whom religious enthusiasm and high culture were associated with distinguished rank and charm of demeanor, and from whose letters and conversations arose "the confessions of a beautiful soul," which appeared in "Wilhelm Meister." The religious mysticism to which he was thus introduced was closely allied to alchemy, to the study of which he was at this time led to devote himself. The family physician, who belonged to the Pious Separatists, was addicted to alchemy, and hinted at the possession of an universal medicine of magical virtue, which was only to be administered in cases of extreme danger. To excite belief in the possibility of such a remedy, he recommended to his patients certain chemic-alchemical books, intimating that an acquaintance with the hidden resources of nature was necessary in order to produce this valuable panacea. Fräulein von Klettenberg had listened to these enticing words. She had secretly studied Welling's "Opus Mago-Cabalisticum," and small excitement, the poet tells us, was needed to inoculate him also with this disease. The works of Theophrastus, Paracelsus, and Basilius Valentinus, together with those of Helmont, Starkey, and other alchemists, were studied, and thus were spent the evenings of a long winter, during which he was compelled to keep his chamber. A crisis in his malady having arisen, the mysterious remedy, a crystallized salt dissolved in water, was administered, and from that moment the disease took a favorable turn. His faith in the physician was thus enhanced, and he was stimulated to renewed industry in his alchemic investigations. In his little attic he provided himself with glasses, retorts, and other necessary apparatus, where the

strange ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm were handled in a mysterious manner, and where he busied himself especially in preparing the so-called *Liquor Silicum*. Thus without reference to the composition of "Faust," he familiarized himself with the arts and the nomenclature employed by the mediæval necromancers, whose writings, he tells us, could trace their pedigree in a direct line up to the Neo-Platonic philosophy. In the light of that philosophy nature was regarded not as the object of methodical study, but as a mystery, as a volume closed to earthly senses, for the interpretation of which a key was required as mysterious as the volume itself ; he who could unveil these mysterious powers and make them available was a master over the spirits, a magician. This magic was an object of belief in the middle ages, and finds expression in the words of Faust :

Unlock'd the spirit world doth lie ;  
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead !  
 Up, scholar, lave, with courage high,  
 Thine earthly breast in the morning-red !

Goethe tells us that while studying the works of the alchemists he was particularly pleased with "the 'Aurea Catena Homeri,' in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination." This conception of the universe could not find more adequate expression than in the words of Faust, when in one of the magical cabalistic books he contemplates the sign of the universe :

How all things live and work, and, ever blending,  
 Weave one vast whole from being's ample range !  
 How powers celestial, rising and descending,  
 Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange !  
 Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,  
 From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing,  
 Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing.

The religious mysticism to which Goethe was introduced by Fräulein von Klettenberg has, like magic, its root in the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Nowhere could the divine life, operative in external nature, be grasped so immediately as in the depths of the human soul ; here also is chemistry needed to purify the gold of the spirit from the dross of lower desires and passions.

Both forms of theosophy sought to discover the soul's way to God ; magic, through external nature ; mysticism, through the human soul. The first course was pursued by Paracelsus, the second by Jacob Böhm. This magic and this mysticism find expression in the beginning and the end of "Faust." In the opening scene the magician, after standing enraptured before the vision of the universe, exclaims in despair :

A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !  
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?

The Mystical Chorus at the end of the poem solves the riddle ; in the divine love, symbolically represented in the Mater Gloriosa, he contemplates the unveiled secret of the universe :

All of mere transient date  
As symbol showeth ;  
Here the inadequate  
To fulness groweth ;  
Here the ineffable  
Wrought is in love ;  
The ever-womanly  
Draws us above.

The period was now approaching when the genius of the great poet was to reach its full development. As his health and youthful spirits were restored, he gladly acceded to his father's intention of sending him to Strasburg, there to

prosecute his studies, and eventually to take his degree.

He arrived there April 2d, 1770, and on alighting from the diligence repaired immediately to the minster. "Many thousands since then have ascended to the platform of the tower, and read Goethe's name, which is there inscribed, and like him have gazed from the summit upon the beautiful region in which he was about to take up his abode."

Deeply significant was the brief period of his sojourn in Strasburg; the French language, to which he had addicted himself from his youth, was abandoned, and he turned with earnestness to his mother tongue; his multifarious studies, scientific, literary, mystical, and cabalistic, were pursued with incredible ardor; the development of his own originality awakened his sympathy with whatever was original and characteristic in every department of human effort; at no period of his life could he have been more susceptible to the influence of Herder, who arrived in Strasburg in the winter of 1770. Goethe was then one-and-twenty years of age; there was a ferment within him; he needed a master; one who should help him to find out his true life-career. In approaching Herder he, for the first time, came in contact with a really great man, to whom he could look up as his superior in culture and attainment.

Herder's mind has been compared to a mirror, in whose depths was reflected the entire history of humanity. Under his influence Goethe recognized that poetry is a gift to the world and to nations, not the private inheritance of a few refined and cultivated men. A new world was thus opened to him; the poetry of the East, the Old Tes-

tament, national songs, Homer, Ossian, Shakespeare; the full power of the great English dramatist especially was now experienced by him for the first time. "The first page," to quote a lecture delivered by him at this period, "made me his for life; and when I had perused an entire play, I stood like one born blind, to whom sight, by some miraculous power, had been restored in a moment." His own creative energies were stirring within him. "Two subjects," he says, "had rooted themselves within me, and were, little by little, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. Real life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled." Here, if anywhere, as Mr. Lewes says, we have the key to Faust. "Three forms rise up from out the many influences of Strasburg into distinct and memorable importance: Frederika, Herder, the Cathedral. An exquisite woman, a noble thinker, and a splendid monument, led him into the regions of Passion, Poetry, and Art."\*

For the charming Sesenheim Idyl, the reader is referred to the pages of the autobiography; the portrait of Frederika, there sketched with such masterful and loving care, is declared by Her-

\* Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

man Grimm to be, not a transcript from nature, but rather a portrait of an ideal being, suggested to the poet's imagination by the remembered image of his beloved one. Who, in such a case, can separate poetry and truth? Suffice it to say that tender feeling and glowing passion breathe through the verses which she inspired, which have been collected into a volume entitled "The Little Sesenheim Song-book." We must not linger amid the groves and gardens of Sesenheim, or follow through its varied episodes the growth and development of their natural affection, but pass at once to the concluding scene. As the time approached for his departure from Strasburg, they both felt that their romance was drawing to a close. Amid the pressure of engagements which occupied the last days of his sojourn there, "I could not," he says, "fail to see Frederika once more. Those were painful days, the memory of which has not remained with me." He went to bid her farewell. "When I held out my hand to her from my horse," he says, "the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart." On his return to Frankfort he wrote to her. "Frederika's answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu," so we read in the autobiography, "tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was completely present to me; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Aennchen had left me; now, for the first time, I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance with the absence



of a refreshing love, to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonizing, nay, unsupportable." I quote this passage because it appears to me to have a direct relation to the Gretchen episode in Faust. On the 17th of March, 1832, five days before his death, Goethe addressed a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, in which he says, "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clearly before my youthful mind." We are thus carried back to the year 1772, when he had just returned from Strasburg to Frankfort. He tells us, in his autobiography, that he had contracted a practice from which he could not deviate his whole life through, of converting everything that gladdened or troubled, or otherwise occupied him, into a poem; hence, all his poems are only fragments of a great confession. We have seen how the images of Gretchen and Frederika at this period haunted his imagination, and we can, I think, trace the influence of both in the heroine of Faust. The name, and some of the situations may have been suggested by his earlier experience, while the image of Frederika, the remorse awakened by his desertion of her, together with the vivid realization of her grief, which brought her to the brink of the grave, would stimulate his imagination, and embody themselves in that wonderful creation, which, in association with Faust, takes rank among the undying master-works of genius. Antigone, Iphigenia, Ophelia, Imogen, must, in regard to inner life-power, yield the preference to Gretchen. Though English readers may not feel disposed to subscribe to this opinion of Herman Grimm, we must all acknowledge that the anguish of bereavement has nowhere found more pathetic expression than in Gretchen's song at

her spinning-wheel. The terrible scene in the cathedral, with which the first published fragment concludes, reminds us of the profound impression produced upon his mind by the contemplation of the minster. He studied it so long and so affectionately that the structure of the venerable pile became clear to him, not only as a whole, but also in the individual parts. In spirit he saw four higher spires ascending above the volutes of the tower, with a higher one in the centre, where the clumsy cross now stands. To the astonished question of the official placed over the public edifices: "Who had told him so?" he replied, "The tower itself;" and added, "I have observed it so long and so attentively and have shown it so much affection, that it at last resolved to make me this open confession." "It has not misinformed you," replied the official; "we still have among our archives the original sketches, which say the same thing, and which I can show you." We can well understand, after reading the above, how, in connection with his studies for *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*, the minster could, as he tells us, stand as a background to such poetical conceptions.

It is impossible to think of *Faust* without at the same time calling up the image of *Mephistopheles*, and it is interesting to consider the sources from which Goethe drew this wonderful conception.

Like most of the creations of his genius, it doubtless embodies one side of his own nature; and thus, in *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, we have the crowning example of that dualism in the poet's mind which has found expression also in *Antonio* and *Tasso*, in *Edward* and the *Captain*, and in *Jarno* and *Wilhelm*. Nevertheless, we must look

abroad for various distinctive features which characterize Mephistopheles, and most commentators, following the poet's own suggestion, have regarded Johann Heinrich Merck as the germ of the character. There is, however, probability in the hypothesis of H. Grimm, that Herder has also supplied some elements for this memorable figure; and if so, we have here another example of the manner in which Goethe occasionally, in his poetic creations, fused two distinct individualities into one.

The supercilious tone which Herder invariably assumed toward Goethe, together with his bitter, biting, contradictory humor, which he was at no trouble to control, aroused a feeling of discontent in Goethe, which was continually at strife with the reverence awakened by his vast knowledge, which opened to the younger poet wide views of things of which he had never before dreamed. Herder, we are told, poured forth his ideas with the richest prodigality; no one, however, who received his precious gifts was spared the sarcastic bitterness with which they were accompanied. Goethe moreover recognized in Herder, for the first time, the terrible power of cold, unsparing criticism. These and other characteristics of Herder may have supplied some elements for the conception of Mephistopheles, to whom Goethe may also have transferred some of the sharp, sarcastic features which distinguished Merck, with whom he became acquainted after his departure from Strasburg. Nevertheless, highly as that remarkable man was prized by Goethe, he was not, according to Grimm, sufficiently significant to have furnished material for a figure which looked down upon everything from so great a height as

did Mephistopheles. I must not pursue the subject, but refer the reader to the pages of H. Grimm, where it is discussed at greater length.

On returning to Frankfort, after parting from Frederika, Goethe was possessed by a feeling of spiritual unrest ; the walls of his chamber imprisoned him ; he wandered under the open sky, in the valleys, on the heights, in the fields, and in the woods ; among his friends he got the name of "the wanderer ;" during his rambles he composed and sang strange hymns and dithyrambs ; one of these, "The Wanderer's Storm-Song," chanted aloud amid the raging of the elements, gives expression to these feelings, and inaugurates the advent of his "Sturm und Drang" period. In November, 1771, he dramatised the history of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the "iron hand," the predatory Burgrave of the sixteenth century. The spirit of revolt against authority and tradition, which at this period characterized alike Goethe and his age, found its prototype in the turbulent baron, whose figure so powerfully impressed the poet's imagination.

In the spring of 1772 he repaired to Wetzlar, and during the summer of that year he lived through the experience which subsequently found expression in the "Sorrows of Werther," a prose poem, the composition of which forms a crisis in his artistic development. The stormy impulses were quelled, the wanderer was transformed into the creative artist, who henceforth entered into the full possession of his genius. The three years which intervened between his departure from Wetzlar, November 11, 1772, and his arrival at Weimar, November 7, 1775, are the most productive period of his life. "Werther" was written

in the beginning of the year 1774. "Through this composition I had," he says, "more than through any other, saved myself out of a stormy element; I felt myself as after a general confession, again joyous and free and prepared for a new life." "The surest foundation of my independence I found in my creative activity; for several years it had never failed me; at that time, let a subject be proposed, I was at once prepared and ready." "This indwelling poetical faculty belonged to me as my own, and in thought I made it the basis of my own existence." This self-dependence, based upon creative power, transformed itself into an image, in which Goethe personified and contemplated himself: Prometheus, the man-creating Titan. Such a poet may well be styled the Magician of German poetry, he who could say of himself, I possess a panacea, which is ever at my service, the art, namely, of transmuting reality into poetry.

The hour has now arrived when he is to fashion the magician of the popular legend after his own image. This Prometheus-Goethe is Faust.

"Here I sit and shape  
Men in my image,  
A race like myself!"

We obtain an interesting glimpse of Goethe at this period, during a brief sojourn at Cologne, whither he was accompanied by his most congenial friend, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi. They revelled in the interchange of thought. At night Goethe sought his friend; they stood together at the window; the moonlight trembled on the waters of the Rhine, and Goethe recited the ballads which he had then composed, one of which is forever associated with Gretchen—

"There was a king in Thule."

Even Goethe's personal appearance at that time was invested with magical power. In a letter from Heinse to Gleim, written at this period, we read: "Goethe was with us; a beautiful youth of five-and-twenty, full of genius from crown to toe, a heart full of feeling, a spirit full of fire with eagle's wings." Are we not literally reminded of the old Faust-book, and its description of the youthful magician of Wittenberg, "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth"?

It was during this period of creative activity that "Faust" was produced, in its earliest form. What Goethe published as a "Fragment" in 1790, was most probably completed, for the most part, in 1774. On the occasion of Jacobi's visit to Frankfort, early in the year 1775, Goethe communicated to him the scenes of his "Faust;" and when, sixteen years later, Jacobi had read the Fragment, he wrote to Goethe: "I already knew almost all." It is therefore certain that, in the beginning of the year 1775, the oldest poem, in its essential parts, was complete. Some scenes were added in the course of the year 1775, as we learn from his letters to the Countess Augusta Stolberg, the sister of his friends.

Toward the end of the year 1774, Goethe had been captivated by Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, celebrated in his poems as Lili. She was the daughter of a rich banker in Frankfort, and only sixteen years of age. The alliance was not acceptable to either family; obstacles intervened which seemed to render marriage impossible, and to free himself from an embarrassing situation he had accepted the invitation of the Counts Stolberg to accompany them on their Swiss tour. Signs of

the mental unrest consequent upon his relations with Lili appear in his correspondence with the Countess Stolberg. On march 6th he writes to her : " I have drawn, composed a scene ; oh, if I did not now write dramas, there would be an end of me." On September 17, at night, he writes from Offenbach : " The day passed tolerably. When I arose, it was well with me. I composed a scene of my ' Faust.' I felt somewhat like a rat which has swallowed poison ; it runs into every hole, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, while within it burns with inextinguishable fire." We are here reminded of the song in Auerbach's cellar :

" The cook strewed poison for the rat."

Who would have suspected that in Altmayer's satirical allusion to Siebel — " He sees in the swollen rat his own sorry image"—Goethe had parodied his own troubled state of mind ? It may be inferred that the composition of the Auerbach scene falls in September, 1775, and has left its trace in the letter to the Countess Stolberg.

The " Sturm und Drang" period is lived through ; we stand on the threshold of a new life-epoch of the poet, generally known as his classical period. On November 7, 1775, in his twenty-sixth year, he repaired to Weimar, where he was received most graciously by the principal personages of the court.

Karl August, the reigning duke, " eight years younger than Goethe, attached himself to him as to a brother ;" his wife, Louise, the reigning duchess, a truly noble woman, also gave him her friendship, and he was a special favorite with the mother-duchess, Anna Amalia, " who is de-

scribed by contemporaries as combining a masculine strength of understanding with feminine gentleness and amiability." "On June 11, 1776, the duke named him Privy-legation-councillor. In January, 1779, he was charged with the War Commission; in September, 1779, he was named Privy Councillor; in April, 1781, he was ennobled by Imperial diploma; and in June, 1782, he undertook provisionally the Presidency of the Chamber."\*. The practical duties attending these various offices, the distractions of society, together with the arrangement and direction of the private theatricals, which formed a prominent feature of Weimar court life at that period, left him little leisure for prosecuting his literary labors.

The manuscript of "Faust" had been brought with him to Weimar, and this poem was one of the first that he read in the presence of the court. What form the "Helena" had then assumed, we do not know; it is, however, certain that in 1780 he read it before the Duchess Amalia, and a second time before the Princess of Gotha.

The conception and composition of other works which belong to the classical period banished "Faust" to the background. We know also, from many passages in his correspondence, with what intense regret he felt himself obliged, during the early years of his residence at Weimar, to subordinate his literary proclivities to the duties and cares of official life. In 1779 he was occupied with his "Iphigenia," which was first written in prose. In writing to the duke he says: "I let people say what they will, and then I retire into my old fortress of Poetry, and

\* Quoted from Mr. Hayward's "Goethe."



work at my 'Iphigenia.' By this I am made sensible that I have been treating this heavenly gift somewhat cavalierly, and there is still time and need for me to become more economical, if ever I am to bring forth anything."

"Tasso" was begun in 1780, and on the last day of the same year he wrote to Frau von Stein: "My 'Tasso' moves my pity; it lies upon my desk and looks upon me with friendly glance; but what can I do? I must bake all my wheat into ammunition bread." And again: "O thou sweet Poetry! . . . I withdraw the water as much as possible from these fountains and cascades, and direct it to wheels and irrigation; but before I am aware, an evil genius draws the tap and all gushes and bubbles."

In spite of these occasional outbreaks, the record of his multifarious labors during the first six years of his Weimar residence shows "with what Spartan self-mastery he held his Pegasus fast bound in his stall." Various branches of science meanwhile—mineralogy, astrology, and botany—in connection with his official activity, were pursued with passionate ardor. "How legible the book of Nature becomes to me," he writes, "I cannot express; my long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible." Poetry, however, was his master-passion; he longed for leisure, and to be relieved in some measure from the pressure of official duties, and accordingly, in 1783, we see him occupied with preparations for his projected visit to Italy. Various reasons have been assigned for his sudden departure from Weimar; besides his yearning, natural to a poet, to visit Italy, the land of song, it has been pointed out by Herman

Grimm that the natural course of events rendered a temporary absence from the scene of his labors desirable.

Goethe had entered upon his duties as prime minister, and at the same time as educator of a young and inexperienced prince ; as the development of the latter proceeded, however, the duke, from year to year, became more independent, and gradually took the reins into his own hands. Goethe's position was thus changed ; since, while still burdened with the details of office, the decision of all questions rested with the duke, Accordingly, with wise forethought, he adapted his life to these altered circumstances ; after ten years of manifold activity he departed for Rome, and after an absence of nearly two years he returned, under changed conditions, to begin a new existence at Weimar.

The words addressed by Plutus to the boy-charioteer in the second part of "Faust" give expression to the sentiments with which Goethe may have looked forward to his departure for Rome, and consequent emancipation from official cares.

Now from the burden that oppressed me here  
 Thou'rt frank and free ; away to thine own sphere !  
 Here is it not ; distorted, wild, grotesque,  
 Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.  
 There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,  
 Lord of thyself ; where charmed the good, the fair ;  
 Where clear thy vision in the clear calm air ;  
 To solitude—there thine own world create !

Four great poetical problems accompanied the poet to Italy ; the versification of "Iphigenia," and the completion of "Faust," "Egmont," and "Tasso." During his first Roman residence, from October 28, 1786, till February 21, 1787,

the first of these problems was solved. After his return from Sicily he wrote, on August 11, 1787, to Herder: " 'Egmont' is completed, and may be dispatched at the end of this month. 'Tasso' comes after the new year; 'Faust' upon his mantle shall, as courier, announce my arrival!"

These two poems, however, did not advance. A quarter of a year later he wrote: "There still lie before me two such heavy stones as 'Faust' and 'Tasso.'"

Goethe poetized his own experiences. He experienced nothing that could influence these works. "If they are to progress" ("Faust" and "Tasso"), we read in a letter written on January 1, 1788, "I must, in the course of this year, fall in love with a princess, in order to complete 'Tasso,' and I must surrender myself to the devil, in order to complete 'Faust,' however little inclination I feel for either." At length, it would seem, life comes into "Faust." We find in the diary of his Italian journey, March 1, 1788, a very remarkable confession with reference to that poem:

"This has been a prolific week, which in the retrospect appears to me like a month. In the first place the plan of 'Faust' was made, and I hope that this operation has succeeded. Naturally it is another thing to write out the piece now, or fifteen years ago; I think, however, that it will lose nothing, especially as I imagine that I have now recovered the threads. Also in regard to the tone of the whole I am consoled; I have already composed a new scene, and if I were to smoke the paper nobody would be able to distinguish it from the older portion. The old manuscript, as I see it before me, gives me much

to think of ; it is so yellow with time that it looks like the fragment of an ancient Codex ; and as I then, through reflection and imagination, had to transplant myself into an earlier world, so I must now transplant myself to a period of my own by-gone experience."

"This memorandum of Goethe," says Kuno Fischer, "I consider most important, as throwing light upon the history of the origin and development of 'Faust.'"

So completely was the poet estranged from the most genial of his youthful works, that the period of its production seemed to him like his own by-gone existence ; he had lost the threads, and imagines that he has recovered them. In one of the most beautiful localities of Rome, the garden of the Villa Borghese, Goethe composed a scene of Faust. No one, from the locality, would divine the scene : it was the Witches' Kitchen. "I imagine," Fischer says, "that a second scene must also be referred to the period of his Italian sojourn ; namely, Faust's monologue in wood and cavern ; in one passage it refers to the Witches' Kitchen, it harmonizes with the plan of the first poem, while both in form and contents it is the fruit of a later period. This monologue, highly important for the critical examination of the work, could not have been produced before his sojourn in Italy."

On June 18, 1788, Goethe returned from his Italian journey to Weimar. The letter which he addressed from Rome to Karl August plainly reveals the new position which it was his intention henceforth to occupy in connection with the Weimar Court. "My relation to affairs," he says, "sprang out of my personal relation to you ;

now let a new relation, after so many years, spring from the former. I can truly say, that in the solitude of these eighteen months I have found my own self again. But as what? As an artist!"

The wise duke answered this appeal nobly. The poet remained the adviser of his prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the mines, and of all scientific and artistic institutions, he retained; among them that of the theatre.\*

On his return to Weimar, "Faust" and "Tasso" remained still unfinished. In the July of the following year "Tasso" was completed. The termination of "Faust" was not to be thought of. Accordingly, in the seventh volume of the collected edition of his works, this poem appeared as "A Fragment" (Easter, 1790). Here closes the first period in the history of the composition of "Faust" (1770-1790).

This fragment consists of the following parts :  
 1. It opens with Faust's first monologue, the scene with the Earth-spirit, the conversation with the famulus. Then follows a wide gap. 2. It recommences abruptly, in the midst of the second conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, with the words of Faust :

"The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,  
 To bare my breast to every pang,—to know  
 In my heart's core all human weal and woe ;"

the short monologue of Mephistopheles :

"Mortal ! the loftiest attributes of men,  
 Reason and knowledge, only thus contemn ;"

the conversation with the scholar, the preparation for the journey, the Auerbach scene, and the

\* Quoted from Mr. Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

Witches' Kitchen succeed. 3. Then follows the Gretchen tragedy, with the exclusion of the Valentine scene ; the fragment ends with Gretchen's words in the cathedral : " Neighbor, your smelling-bottle."

The essential parts were already composed in the beginning of the year 1775 ; then followed, in the course of the same year, the Auerbach scene, thirteen years later the Witches' Kitchen, and " the monologue in wood and cavern," which was introduced into the Gretchen tragedy in a position which required subsequently to be changed.

If we compare the fragment with the later poem which lies before us as the first part, we there find : 1. The dedication, the prologue in the theatre, the prologue in heaven ; 2. All the scenes which fill up the wide ensuing gap ; namely, Faust's second monologue, the Easter-song, the scene before the gate, the third monologue in Faust's study :

" Behind me now lie field and plain,"

the conjuration and first appearance of Mephistopheles, the two conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles, down to the passage quoted above ; 3. The completion of the Gretchen tragedy, which forms the conclusion of the first part, the Walpurgis-night, the return, the prison scene. Among these scenes, some partly sketched, some more or less carried out and requiring revision, remained in manuscript. We now approach a crisis in the development of Goethe's " Faust " similar to that which marked the popular legend through the influence of Lessing. During a series of years Goethe had endeavored to continue

his youthful poem, and to bring it to completion. He had wished to transport himself back into its elements, and for a moment imagined that he had succeeded. It was a self-deception. The poem lived no longer in the poet, and it could not be artificially re-quickened; what separated the two periods was the gulf of years—the difference between Goethe the youth and Goethe in the summit of manly age.

The original poem was the most powerful and fiery outflow of the "Sturm und Drang" period, an epoch from which Goethe had become more and more estranged as he advanced in life. This estrangement rose to repugnance, even to aversion, when the tremendous flood subsequently broke forth a second time with Schiller. In order to quicken "Faust" anew there was only one method, namely, a fundamental reconstruction of the plan, which, without imitation, should return to the path indicated by Lessing. The impulse thereto came, however, not from Goethe himself, so strong at that time was his repulsion from this poem. He was, moreover, completely engrossed by other objects—official duties, scientific studies, poetical labors. He undertook the direction of the Court Theatre, accompanied the duke on his campaign in France; during the siege of Mainz he lived in his botanical, optical, and anatomical observations. After his "Roman Elegies" follow his epic poems, "Reineke Fuchs," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre." He conceived the plan of a great epic, "William Tell," which was to be the fruit of his third Swiss journey in the year 1797. In the middle of this year falls the epoch of "Faust's" resurrection, the turning-point

which has made this poem the German "Divina Commedia." The first reminder of the forsaken "Faust" came from the poet who had commenced his career as the most powerful leader of that "Sturm und Drang" period upon which Goethe already looked down, as upon a "Dunst- und Nebelweg" (a fog and vapor-way). To the poet of "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," Schiller's youthful works, dramas like the "Robbers" and "Fiesco" must have appeared as a relapse into that spiritual ferment which in the course of his development he had outlived and subdued. In the estrangement which he felt from his own "Faust," some of the same motives were operative which formed the gulf between himself and Schiller. This gulf was eventually bridged over, and a relation of the rarest and purest kind was established between the two poets, a league of personal friendship, reciprocal encouragement, and combined productivity. They were the last ten years of Schiller's life. With a fulness of noble and grateful remembrance Goethe, in the epilogue to "The Bell," has celebrated this period, and the memory of his exalted friend.

This was the poet who reminded Goethe of his "Faust," and who with his counsel was present at the resurrection and transformation of the poem. Soon after their first personal intercourse, Schiller in a letter written in November, 1794, touches upon this subject: "With true longing would I read the fragments of your Faust which are still unprinted, for I confess to you that which I have read of this piece appears to me like the Torso of Hercules. There reign in these scenes a power and a fulness of genius which unmitigatedly reveal the master, and I would



follow as far as possible the great and bold nature which breathes therein." We are reminded of what Lessing had formerly felt respecting the old German Faust-drama: "There are scenes therein which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived." So Schiller now feels respecting Goethe's "Faust." And how does Goethe reply? On December 2, 1794, he writes: "Of 'Faust' at present I can communicate nothing; I do not venture to untie the packet which contains it. I could not transcribe without remodeling it, and thereto I feel within me no courage. Can anything prevail with me at some future time to undertake the work, it is your sympathy." In the August of the following year he promises "something from 'Faust'" for the December number of the *Horen*, and Schiller repeats his entreaty August 17, 1795. This something remained unprinted. Goethe cannot yet bring himself to approach this subject. "It is with me in this matter," he says, "as with a powder which has precipitated itself from a solvent; so long as you shake, it seems once more to unite; as soon as I am left to myself, it subsides gradually to the bottom."

At length there comes a disposition favorable to "Faust," it is awakened amid the poetical efforts wherein the two friends worked in rivalry for the "Musenalmanach." "Our ballad-study," wrote Goethe, June 22, 1797, "has again brought me upon this 'Dunst- und Nebelweg.' The plan itself," such are his words, "is only an idea. I have now undertaken this idea and its realization, and am tolerably in harmony with myself respecting it." He desires now the counsel of his friend. Schiller, in a sleepless night,

may think the matter over and communicate to him the demands which he should make upon "Faust" as a whole. "Relate and interpret to me, like a true prophet, my own dream." Schiller writes in reply: "I will endeavor to recover your threads, and if this does not succeed, I will realize to myself as if I had accidentally found the fragments of 'Faust,' and were required to carry them out." "Because the fable passes and must pass into the formless, it will be necessary to pass from the object to the idea. In short, the demands upon 'Faust' are at the same time philosophical and poetical, and you may turn as you will, the nature of the subject will impose upon you a philosophical treatment." Schiller rightly adds to these words: "In this I do not certainly say to you anything new." The philosophical *reconstruction* was already in progress. During the days of this interchange of ideas with Schiller, Goethe composed the prologue in heaven, the dedication, the prologue in the theatre, and also the intermezzo of "Oberon and Titania's Marriage." The prologue in heaven embodies the fundamental idea which underlies the new Faust-poem; this new poem had now to be combined with the already-published fragment, while the latter had to be expanded and brought into harmony with the later portion of the work. At this time his interest in art was again reawakened, and he wrote his admirable Essay on the Laocoon. On the 1st of July, 1797, he wrote to Schiller that he had made some progress with the revision of "Faust," but that "architecture had exorcised these airy phantoms." In the same month he made his third

tour in Switzerland, where he collected material for an epic on William Tell, to which he felt more strongly drawn than to "Faust." The project of the epic was, however, abandoned; "he handed it over to Schiller for his drama on that subject, giving him, at the same time, his idea of the character of Tell, and the studies of localities."

In the spring of 1798 Schiller again recalled his attention to "Faust;" it was resumed in 1800, and early in the following year the long-meditated task was completed.

After Schiller's death Goethe appeared to have abandoned the prosecution and completion of the poem. How profoundly he was affected by that event is seen from his correspondence: "The half of my existence is gone from me," he wrote to Zelter. "My diary," he says, "is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence. In those days I took no interest in anything."\*

On the resumption of his literary activity, other works occupied his attention; it will be sufficient to mention "The Natural Daughter," "The Wander-year," "The Elective Affinities," "The Autobiography," "The West-Oestliche Divan."

Half a century had elapsed since the original conception of the poem, when in July, 1824, Goethe applied himself to its continuation and completion. Early in the year 1831 he could announce to his friends that the first and second acts were completed. The work had been interrupted by the sorrow of bereavement; the death of the duke,

\* Quoted from Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

“whom he affectionately styled his brother in arms,” July 14, 1828, was followed by that of his only son, who, October 30, 1830, died in Rome. This blow nearly cost him his life. A violent hæmorrhage in the lungs was the result. One problem still remained, the completion of the fourth act of “Faust.” In the deepest retirement of his garden-house he applied himself to the task, and on July 20, 1831, the great work was finally achieved.

If from the history of “Faust” we turn to its contents, we shall find that it consists of two poems, each of which, though welded together by the genius of the poet, bears the impress of its own individuality. In Faust’s monologue in the vaulted chamber we recognize the features of the mediæval magician ; soon, however, an element unknown to the popular legend blends with the familiar type. This new element characterized the German “Sturm und Drang” period, whose motto was (*Urnatur gegen Unnatur*), the natural against the unnatural ; faith in Nature had gone forth like a new gospel proclaimed by the fiery genius of Rousseau. Faust once more reflects the genius of the age, and, in his passionate revolt against empty book-learning, worn-out creeds, and rotten formulas, yearns for more direct communion with Nature. He opens the mysterious volume of Nostradamus, and gazes with sympathetic admiration upon the harmonious working of celestial powers revealed to his spiritual gaze. His rapture, however, endures but for a moment ; contemplation alone cannot satisfy the craving of his soul :

“Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature, where ?”

He sees the sign of the Earth-spirit, and exclaims :

“ Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,  
E'en now my strength is rising higher,  
E'en now I glow as with new wine ;  
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,  
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,  
To mingle with the lightning's glare,  
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.”

With passionate eagerness he invokes the Earth-spirit ; the genius of nature and of humanity ; his invocation is no cabalistic formula ; it is the resistless power of the human will, possessed by a vehement desire, which presses on to its fulfilment. The spirit responds to his appeal and reveals himself in such fulness of fiery splendor that, for the moment, Faust shrinks back appalled. In the consciousness of inherent power, however, he quickly mans himself, and stands face to face with the spirit :

“ Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee ?  
Faust, and thine equal, I am he.”

He yearns to live the life of the Earth-spirit, to come under the sway of mighty passions, to heap upon his bosom the bliss and woe of humanity. The egotist, however, who would plunge into the sea of life, in order to quench his individual thirst, does not seize the world, but is seized by it, is carried away by the current, and cast helpless to the ground. Blinded by self-will he becomes possessed by that demoniacal arrogance which bids defiance to the everlasting laws ; the necessary issue of this conflict is tragic fate ; this arrogance and this fate are the Hybris and the Nemesis of the ancients. This fate Faust is to experience till, shattered in his inmost

being, he exclaims: "Would I had ne'er been born!" This was the fundamental theme of the first Faust-tragedy, which did not exclude the idea of the hero's final restoration. Of the Earth-spirit we find no trace in the later poem; though appearing only in the opening scene of the original poem, it was evidently intended by the poet that he should play a more important part; this is manifest from Faust's monologue in the wood; the exalted spirit there invoked is the Earth-spirit; he had bestowed upon Faust everything for which he had implored, had satisfied the very wish which, on his first appearance, he had refused. The Mephistopheles of the earlier poem is, moreover, no devil in the diabolical sense, such as is introduced in the prologue in heaven; he is a demon given as a companion to Faust by the Earth-spirit, whose commission he fulfils; this subordinate character of Mephistopheles appears also in the scene toward the conclusion of the first part, where Faust is hastening from the Brocken to deliver Gretchen. He may be regarded as the impersonation of that selfish egoism which sneers, in utter unbelief, at the higher aspirations of the human soul.

If we now turn to the prologue in heaven, with which, in the middle of the year 1797, Goethe began the recomposition of his work, we shall find in the words addressed by the Lord to Mephistopheles the fundamental theme of the new poem.

"Divert

**This mortal spirit from his primal source;  
Him canst thou seize, thy power exert,  
And lead him on thy downward course,  
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,  
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,  
His consciousness of right retaineth still."**

This theme, of everlasting interest, the probation, fall, and ultimate restoration of the struggling human soul, pervades the poem, underlying its varied and complicated elements. The insatiable thirst for knowledge had formed a characteristic feature of the mediæval Faust; the celestial voice, in Lessing's prologue, proclaiming to the devils, "Ye shall not prevail," had stamped the thirst for truth as a divine, not a diabolical impulse: in the words above quoted, Goethe recognizes conscience as one of the deepest instincts of the human soul; the inward compass pointing to the True and Right, which, notwithstanding its aberrations, can never be ultimately diverted from the pole. The varied energies, intellectual and moral, which are the birthright of humanity, can, however, only have free scope amid the manifold trials and temptations of this world; this thought necessitates the introduction of the tempter. Here Goethe returns to the popular tradition; Mephistopheles is introduced as Satan, who is permitted by the Lord of Heaven to endeavor to divert the spirit of Faust from its original source, and to lead it on the downward way.

Faust, baffled in his attempt to solve the problem of the universe, curses in his despair the lofty aspirations of his higher nature; he yields to the tempter and, in the vain desire to still the craving of his soul, plunges into the depths of sensual gratification. He is permanently lost, however, only on one condition; namely, the subjugation of the higher to the lower elements of his being, the permanent triumph of self-indulgence over aspiration and effort. Hence in Goethe's poem Faust's ultimate doom appears uncertain to

the last, and not, as in the popular tradition, pre-determined at the expiration of a given term. With regard to signing the compact with a drop of blood Goethe is careful sharply to define the difference between the popular tradition and his own poem. Here the compact is not fearful, but absurd ; its object being Faust's inmost nature, if he loses the wager he has lost himself, and all is over ; it is ridiculous to promise with signature and seal that something shall happen which has already come to pass. When at the close of life he appears verbally to have lost the wager, he has in reality won it. His satisfaction consists, not in the gratification of his lower appetites, but in a nature elevated through the exercise of its noblest powers. He finds happiness in redeeming from the elements an extended region which, through his exertion, is transformed into a sphere for human activity and well-being.

He has found his true vocation in laboring for humanity, and in imagination contemplates with joy the harvest which he has sown, and which others will reap.

Mr. Lewes also recognizes " that the solution of the Faust problem is embodied in his dying speech : the toiling soul, after trying in various directions of *individual* effort and *individual* gratification, and finding therein no peace, is finally conducted to the recognition of the vital truth that man lives for man, and that only in as far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happiness." Such a consummation is no triumph for the devil. Faust has won immortality, and is borne aloft by angels with the triumphant song :



“ Saved is this noble soul from ill,  
Our spirit-peer. Who ever  
Strives forward with unswerving will,  
Him can we aye deliver ;  
And if with him celestial love  
Hath taken part,—to meet him  
Come down the angels from above ;  
With cordial hail they greet him.”

## THE INTERMEZZO.

---

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader, a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined ; they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work.

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams, directed against a variety of false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Wieland's *Oberon*. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appears upon the stage. Commonplace musicians, and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirized as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit and the little pair. Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pietism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations. Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticised Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox."

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals, entitled the *Musaget*, and the *Genius of the Age*, had attacked the *Xenien*, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schiller ; Goethe,

in retaliation, makes him confess his own unfitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority. Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane. The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire; allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians; "the knowing ones," who, in the midst of political revolutions, manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. In revolutionary times also, parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities, deprived of their hereditary splendor, are unable to maintain their former dignified position. "The massive ones" typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people, who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal. Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air.

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed, as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavors to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

THE END.

*This edition of Goethe's Faust presents what is really a complete tragic poem. The second part is omitted as superfluous and not desired by the general reader.*

UNIFORM IN STYLE AND PRICE, IN  
FREDERICK A. STOKES' SERIES OF  
DAINTILY BOUND POETICAL WORKS, ARE:

GEORGE ELIOT'S POEMS.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S POEMS.

THOMAS GRAY'S POEMS.

W. M. THACKERAY'S POEMS.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.

LONDON RHYMES, *by Frederick Locker*

LONDON LYRICS, *by Frederick Locker.*

THE GOLDEN TREASURY, *by F. T.  
Palgrave.*

CHARLES DICKENS' POEMS.

LUCILE, *by Owen Meredith.*

*Each one volume, 16mo, on fine laid paper,  
wide margins. (Others in preparation.)*

Limp parchment paper, . . . . .	\$1.00
Cloth, new colors, novel design in gold, . . . . .	1 00
Half calf, new colors, . . . . .	2.00
Limp calf, in box, . . . . .	3.00
Tree-calf, new colors, . . . . .	3.50





# 14 DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

## LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD

FEB 28 '64-12 M APR 28 '69-1 PM

LOAN DEPT.

REC'D LD

JUN 6 '65-4 PM

JAN 30 1968 94

FEB 2 '68 -11 AM

REC'D LD

APR 22 1969 63

C



865430

867F  
E SW

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**

